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SIXPENCE

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THE YOUNGEST PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF WALES: PRINCE JOHN AND HIS MOTHER, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. E. SORRELL.

The fifth son and sixth child of the Prince and Princess of Wales was born at York Cottage, Sandringham, on July 12. He was christened at Sandringham Church on August 3, when he received the names of John Charles Francis.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

This is the season when the passion for hitting the wrong nail on the head is let loose in the correspondence columns of the morning papers. And not in them alone; for if you have a Congress of Sanitary Inspectors some intrepid generaliser is sure to catch sight of that nail and let fly at it. There is Sir James Crichton-Browne, for instance, who tells the assembled inspectors that the town is a sore decayer of intellect, as the First Gravedigger might say; indeed, there is a marked touch of that philosopher in the admirable Crichton-Browne's method of reasoning. The country, says he, is the only source of mental stamina; we must live in the country if we don't want to have softening of the brain, or to hand down enfeebled wits to our posterity. You may expect a visit any morning from the sanitary inspector of your district, to whom you will say quite innocently: "Well, Sir, any nuisance to report?" And he will answer: "Yes, Sir; the nuisance affects the whole street." "Dear me! Drains out of order, Mr. Inspector?" "No, Sir; not the drains; but the brains. You must pack up, and fly to the country. I am serving a notice to that effect on every householder." "And your own brains, dear Mr. Inspector; don't they need a change?" This discussion, you see, can be continued indefinitely with much spirit.

If the admirable Crichton-Browne means that the dwellers in town "slums" would be much better off in comfortable country cottages, we may agree with him, although the opinion is just as valuable for the practical ends of reform as the French King's amiable wish that every peasant had a fowl cooking in the pot. But if it be suggested that we should all be the better for living in the country—stronger in mind, and almost as brilliant as Sir James Crichton-Browne—what is the evidence for this hypothesis? In the annals of England's worthies, is it the country or the town that bulks on the muster-roll? Does the genius that is born in the hamlet peak and pine when it settles in London? Does the Cockney, who showed no intelligence to speak of in the air of his native chimneys, exhibit signs of a first-rate intellect when he makes a prolonged stay with some rural kinsman? A friend of mine, a London editor, one of the ablest men in his calling, and one of the kindest, leads a double life. He controls two daily papers, and a farm in Warwickshire. He breeds horses, and educates statesmen. There is a legend that the members of his staff who seek his special graces buy the editor's eggs. "Do you know," one of them, greatly daring, is reported to have said to him, "two of your eggs I had yesterday were not what you might call truly rural!" "Indeed!" said the editor grimly. "And that article of yours in yesterday's issue didn't seem to me quite new-laid!"

But in this case, surely, you see the superior energy of the town. How many countrymen, who raise fowls, are also capable of rousing public opinion every day? It is an error to suppose that the air of towns is enervating, that town life saps vitality; just as it is erroneous to assume that country air of necessity stimulates the brain and expands the outlook. A great many people lead the healthiest and brightest lives in town, and a great many merely vegetate in the country. There is a mistaken notion in rural districts that in town we are all hectic with excitement, always thirsting for pleasure, pursuing a constant round of theatres and music-halls, and madly burning the candle at both ends. The truth is that most townfolk are exceedingly methodical, and that the hectic and indiscriminate candle-burners are usually visitors from the country, enjoying a riotous holiday from their native tedium. We do not stagnate in town, because there is a perpetual sense of life, an elixir that runs through our veins, a vibration from the great pulsating heart that generates force in all large communities. It tingles in our minutest fibres day and night. There is no such tingling in the country, but a calm which, according to Sir James Crichton-Browne, nurses intellect. According to William Cowper, it nurses spleen.

I suppose that what the generalissimo of the sanitary inspectors really means is that the magnetic attraction of the town is too strong; that the tendency of population to concentrate itself in huge centres is disproportionate, and therefore unwholesome; that it would be better if the country played a larger part in the national life. There is truth in all this; it would be well for us if a noble peasantry, their country's pride, could be sustained entirely on the land; if industrial competition did not draw so many workers into the urban vortex; if a complete assortment of minds, fitted for ripening on the everlasting hills, and for extracting all the mental nutriment that can be got from the task of feeding flocks according to the respectable precedent of Young Norval's father, could be made at regular intervals, and kept out of the enchantments of the city. But I do not see much prospect of these excellent things in the eloquence of the admirable Crichton-Browne, who stands on a hill-top, and beckons us to the

country as if we were so many lost sheep, dreadfully blackened by life in town. Have you ever noticed the abashed and shrinking air of the grimy muttons in St. James's Park? Bless you! they couldn't look a real country sheep in the face. They are like you and me, my Cockney friends; though what would happen to the country if all the cities disgorged their denizens, if London were deserted, and we all sought livelihood, and intellectual nourishment, in Devonshire and Yorkshire, the Congress of Sanitary Inspectors has wisely abstained from telling us.

In one respect the town mouse admits the country mouse's lot to be enviable. In town you are harassed by noise; in the country you with diviner silence dwell instead, as Mr. William Watson says of Tennyson. An ironical correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* asks why our newsboys have no musical calls. He prefers the boys on the Boulevard des Italiens, who pass and repass the Café de la Paix, as you sit there peacefully drinking your coffee, and cry "*Le Soir*" or "*La Presse*," like plaintive birds. It is true that both these calls have a bird-like melancholy, and make you fancy that the owl, when he cries "Too-wit, Too-who!" is advertising two blameless papers, published in the country. But there are no soft cadences, no seductive trills, in the voice of the London newsboy. He is not plaintive, but strident; he does not invite you gently to buy his paper (he calls it "piper"); he dares you not to buy it. You are given plainly to understand that if you go on your way unheeding, you will incur his lasting displeasure.

Many people, I believe, buy evening papers simply to conciliate the newsboy, to still his clamour for a few moments. But out of earshot of his piercing accents, is there peace? You cannot be sure. As I write these lines a neighbour enlivens his spirit with song. He is totally disqualified by nature for enlivening mine. He affects pathetic melody, and some of his notes linger in an ecstasy of woe until he is out of breath. There is an extraordinary number of persons who derive vast comfort from noise of this kind, when they produce it, just as the African savage enjoys his own performance on the tom-tom. Now, I am in favour of the migration of these untuneful townfolk. Let them ponder the wisdom of Sir James Crichton-Browne, and betake them to the country. In a block of flats with which I am acquainted there is a lady who cultivates a high soprano voice every evening. There is no more music in it than in the newsboy's howl. Why should not she migrate, together with my neighbour? If they sang duets in the woods, the startled birds might hold a congress of protest, and convince them that song was not their vocation. The country, at any rate, ought to bear its share of the nuisance that now afflicts the town exclusively, for I am sure that no rural songster ever sang like that.

Madame Hofer, who lived in a little country town in France quite happily when she was poor and unknown, fled to Paris to escape, if possible, from the penalties of affluence. She won the million-franc prize in the great lottery; and now she is happy neither in town nor country. She is pestered with thousands of letters from noblemen down on their luck, diplomats who have retired from the public service, inventors whose inventions are not fortunate, literary men whose priceless works do not sell, legislators who have given up legislating, chimney-sweeps with souls above soot. Most of them want to marry her. When she lived at Sedan, the chimney-sweeps and the retired ambassadors made a point of calling. She hoped to bury herself in Paris; but the unoccupied lawgivers found her out. She wishes she had not won the prize, and is oppressed by the fear that when there is another drawing of the lottery she may win again, and have the dreadful incubus of a second million!

Here's doom for you! Fancy the sensation of walking about with an expression in one's eyes which says: "Kind friends, pity me. I am the winner of the million-franc prize, and I know I shall win the next million. It is Fate. Help, kind friends; befriend a poor hunted millionaire: the chimney-sweeps are after me, and the gentlemen who bring out volumes of poetry which nobody buys. Help!" But why doesn't Madame Hofer employ an able-bodied secretary with a firm and rapid touch on the typewriter, and a short way with importunate callers? When the other million arrives, she might engage a second secretary, and enlarge the staff whenever Fate presented her with the *gros lot*. Or she might fling all the letters into the waste-paper basket, and keep two or three men of thews and sinews at her door to perform the useful office of what we call the "chucker-out." Or she might allot the bulk of her money to charities, reserving just a decent competence, and then advertise her financial situation, and the particulars of the charities, in the leading journals of Europe. Would that cool the ardour of the chimney-sweeps; or would they say it was a ruse?

TWO VICEROYS.

Lord Curzon has resigned the Viceroyalty of India, and has been succeeded by Lord Minto. The circumstances of his retirement have involved the late Viceroy in a heated controversy with the Cabinet. Of the voluminous correspondence on the subject it is perhaps sufficient to say that Lord Curzon agreed to a compromise which it was impossible for him to carry out. The Cabinet had put an end virtually to the dual system of authority in the Indian Army by making the Military Member of the Viceregal Council subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Curzon thereupon sought to strengthen the rather attenuated status of the Military Member by the appointment of General Barrow, a very distinguished soldier, who regarded the new order of things with "no great liking." When the Cabinet declined to sanction the appointment, and pointed out that General Barrow's services unfitted him for such a post, Lord Curzon admitted that he could not reconcile himself to Lord Kitchener's policy of reorganisation, and resigned.

It is easy to see now that Lord Curzon would have done better to resign when the conflict first arose. He had completed his official term of five years in India. Perhaps he would have been well advised not to undertake a second term. But he had done that at the call of duty, and despite the warning condition of his health. No Viceroy, it can be said without fear of challenge, has ever set a greater example of self-devotion; and none has left behind him a more stirring tale of labour for the public good. When he went to India in 1899, Lord Curzon was still a young man with a reputation at which many people smiled. There lingered about him the echo of the old Oxford rhyme which had dubbed George Nathaniel Curzon "a most superior person." He had travelled in the East, and written three books about it. He had been Under-Secretary for India and Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. As the eldest son of a peer, Baron Scarsdale, he disliked the prospect of having to sit in the House of Lords; and he introduced a Bill to enable peers on their accession to choose the House of Commons, if they and their constituents were so minded.

It is piquant to recall that Mr. Brodrick, also heir to a peerage, was conjoined with George Nathaniel Curzon in this legislative effort. Mr. Brodrick and his old ally are not so intimate now. They have written to each other in official dispatches things which, in private conversation, probably take on "a livelier iris," as Tennyson says of the "burnished dove" in spring-time. But when they conspired together against the doom which eventually overtakes the eldest sons of peers, they had a pretty good case. Why should a man be shovelled against his will out of the Commons into the Lords? If his ambition lie in the Commons, why should it not stay there, even when he is robed in ermine and crowned with a coronet? However, the Commons would not entertain the novel heresy. They said: "This is a Nathaniel come to judgment; not a Daniel." So the audacious Bill of the eldest sons was heard of no more.

Suddenly the "most superior person" was made a peer without becoming head of the house of Scarsdale, and was sent to India as Viceroy. Everybody gasped. Even Balliol, which had nursed him, was taken aback; and it is no small thing that staggers Balliol. But it was soon clear that India was the touchstone of his quality. As Under-Secretary he had been dogmatic; as Viceroy he was the statesman and administrator to the manner born, with clear insight, fine imagination, and a capacity for work that made the most seasoned officials quail. His travels had already taught him that an Oriental people must be governed with some regard to Oriental ideas. Complaints have been made about Lord Curzon's expenditure on ceremonial: it was a wise expenditure in an Eastern country. Moreover, he gave the people ocular proof that, if a despot, he was a benevolent despot, by his personal work in the plague and famine-stricken provinces. He did not always please them by his impartiality; but then he pleased many Europeans still less for the same reason. Everywhere, and in all things, he was the strong and even-handed ruler; and without inspiring any sentimental affection, he commanded universal respect.

The economical development of India has known no such strides as during Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. He has conciliated the Feudatory States by treating these Powers as colleagues; and he has gratified the ambition of natives of high class by giving them commissions in the Army. His foreign policy has been successful in the main, and has incurred very little unfriendly criticism, save in the case of Tibet. It is highly probable that the Tibetan Expedition will be found to have re-established our influence in a country which no wise statesmanship could leave wholly to the devices of foreign intrigue.

Lord Curzon's successor was a soldier until he was well on in middle life. Daring horsemanship was his most notable characteristic in youth; and there still lingers in France the tradition of the Englishman who won a steeplechase from all his French competitors. He was in Paris during the Commune, in Spain when the Carlists were active, with the Turks in their war with Russia, but not, of course, as a combatant; in the Afghan War with Lord Roberts, in South Africa with Lord Roberts in 1881; in the Egyptian Campaign the following year. He was Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, then Governor-General of Canada, and saw the last of his military service in the suppression of the Red River Rebellion in 1885. In 1898 Lord Minto was appointed Governor-General, and received the Prince and Princess of Wales on their famous tour. He will have the distinction of receiving them again when they visit India.

CAN THE CHEMIST PRODUCE LIFE?

(See Illustrations.)

The subject which attracted so much attention lately when Mr. J. Butler Burke's experiments at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, described recently in these pages, were made known to the public, has now been discussed under another aspect by Dr. Charles W. Littlefield in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*. We have already outlined the great controversy over the possibility of spontaneous generation, which with the notable conclusions of Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, and Hæckel, seemed many years ago to end in the demonstration that only life could produce life. But there were some men of science, notably Dr. Bastian, who remained unconvinced, and in their footsteps individual experimenters have followed, quietly grappling with the greatest of all problems. Mr. Burke, pursuing the investigations of Pflüger, exposed sterilised matter to the action of radium and discovered therein forms that seemed to exhibit the phenomena of organic bodies. Dr. Littlefield has proceeded upon a different method. He has inquired into the method by which Nature first produced organic forms, and he believes that these arose from the combination in certain proportions of inorganic constituents.

The manifestations of vital energy in the organic world are attributed by Dr. Littlefield to the inherent property of matter to absorb unequal quantities of what he calls vital magnetism, or the life-principle. "If," he says, "a drop of any volatile liquid be placed on the slide of a microscope and any substance be placed in it that will float and not dissolve, such substance will be found to take on the phenomena of magnetisation—that is, of attraction and repulsion among its particles during evaporation. By repeating the process a number of times with the same particles of matter, they will become saturated with this magnetic force."

This process of evaporation, he contends, or the conversion of liquid into a gas, is universal on sea and land, and is, he believes, Nature's method of saturating matter with vital magnetism. As some elements and compounds hold a greater quantity of it than others, any combination of elements thus affected must exhibit a difference of potential; hence the dynamical state of matter, and the cause of constant change. We thus get an important step in the reasoning which leads from that stability which is the chief characteristic of inorganic matter to the instability which is the characteristic of the organic.

Again, Dr. Littlefield, advancing from this base, strove to combine inorganic elements in those proportions which they are known to bear to each other in the constitution of any given living body. These are ascertained by analysis of the ash that results from the cremation of any plant or animal, and the proportions so ascertained are held by certain inquirers to be the determining factors in the production of species. Dr. Littlefield therefore concludes that since these elements are responsible for the transmission, the integrity of structure, and the functional activity of organised beings, they may also perform some important rôle in originating them. He asks whether we may not find in the various groupings of these elements and compounds a solution to the problem of the advent of life-forms on this planet of inorganic matter. From this he is led to believe in a diversity from the very beginning of life-manifestation, and he refuses to hold that Nature could have confined herself to a single cell for the beginning of all vital phenomena. Another theory helped him in his investigations. It is his belief that all visible things have their counterpart in the microscopic world. He therefore expected and claims to have found that the organic forms that he had developed by experiment are known to exist in nature both as micro-organisms, and as larger specimens of similar species.

In his laboratory Dr. Littlefield set to work to make twelve miniature "oceans" representing the condition of the sea before life appeared upon the earth. These oceans were merely twelve ordinary tumblers containing pure boiled water into which he introduced the twelve mineral compounds essential to vegetable and animal tissues. These are: the fluoride, phosphate, and sulphate of lime; the phosphate of iron; the phosphate, the chloride, and sulphate of potash; the chloride, phosphate, and sulphate of soda; the phosphate of magnesia and silicic acid. He makes a three per cent. solution, by weight, of salt, and with this he fills his twelve glasses. He then mixes twelve different combinations of the remaining cell-salts and places about ten grains in each glass of salt solution. The oceans are now prepared for "creative" experiment by the addition of one dram of bisulphate of carbon poured into each glass. The glasses are left uncovered in a temperature of 75 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit, and from time to time the loss due to evaporation is made good by the addition of boiled water. Single drops from the solutions are now placed on glass discs in a good light where free evaporation is possible, and as evaporation goes on foliated forms resembling plants will be deposited upon the glass. These crystalline forms, resembling well-proportioned vegetation, are then placed in a constant temperature of 75 to 80 and a moist atmosphere, and are left undisturbed for twenty-eight days. At the end of that time microscopic plants and animal cells appear, but during the period of twenty-eight days small moist spots will be found scattered over the surface of the place, and from these small crystals develop, some of which grow into plant life and some develop animal cells. These Dr. Littlefield asserts cannot possibly have come from germs previously existing in the air. The micro-photographs reproduced on another page show fresh-water shell forms, an organism like an octopus, a fish form, and a reptile form, all developed from cells which originated in crystals, and each one from a different solution upon a separate place. When the proper grouping of elements and compounds was made the form appeared; when the grouping was not made the form did not develop; and this the experimenter holds to be conclusive.

CIVIL CONTROL IN INDIA.

It is argued that Lord Curzon's resignation, together with the new Army re-organisation in India, has greatly strengthened the military and weakened the civilian element in the Viceregal Government. It is difficult to follow this contention. Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener disagreed about the status and the duties of the Military Member of the Viceroy's Council. The Commander-in-Chief considered that he should control the Indian Army, and not divide his authority with the Military Member. That dual authority has come to an end, but not at the expense of civilian control. The Viceroy, whoever he may be, is just as much the head of the Indian Government as he was before, and the Commander-in-Chief has to submit to his authority, and to the civil authority of the Secretary for India. Lord Kitchener's reform, backed by civil and military authority at home, has to be judged on its military merits. To represent it as a blow to the Indian Constitution is wholly unreasonable.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

From the utter desolation of August in town there is one refuge—the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall, or those portions of the programmes at least that are not openly and professedly "popular." The season of 1905 opened on the evening of Aug. 19, and the first impression was that of the wonders which Mr. Wood has worked in a year. Last autumn, owing to the great secession, he had to adventure himself and his reputation with an orchestra that, however capable individually, was new to his hand. At the beginning of last season during a performance of the Overture to "Tannhäuser" one would have cried "Ichabod" but for an abiding faith in Mr. Wood's powers; and now the confidence is more than justified. The new orchestra has all, or nearly all, the finesse of the old. Mr. Wood has taught his supporters the secret of that broad and splendid *crescendo* which is his own, and that ineffably delicate *pianissimo* which he caught from Lamoureux, and refined upon until his men had beaten the Paris orchestra on their own ground. This, then, is what is brought nightly at the Queen's Hall to the interpretation of programmes composed, for the most part, of masterpieces, with some concessions to the taste that considers these heavy. To those who think otherwise, the great moment of the opening night was that which brought Liszt's Second Rhapsody, before which mere criticism bows and is silent. The second night was devoted to Wagner, and among many other excerpts Mr. Wood gave "The Ride of the Valkyries" with a rush, an understanding, and a mastery of detail worthy of Richter himself.

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TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE PORTSMOUTH OF THE NORTH TO BE: NEAR THE NEW NAVAL BASE ON THE FIRTH OF FORTH.

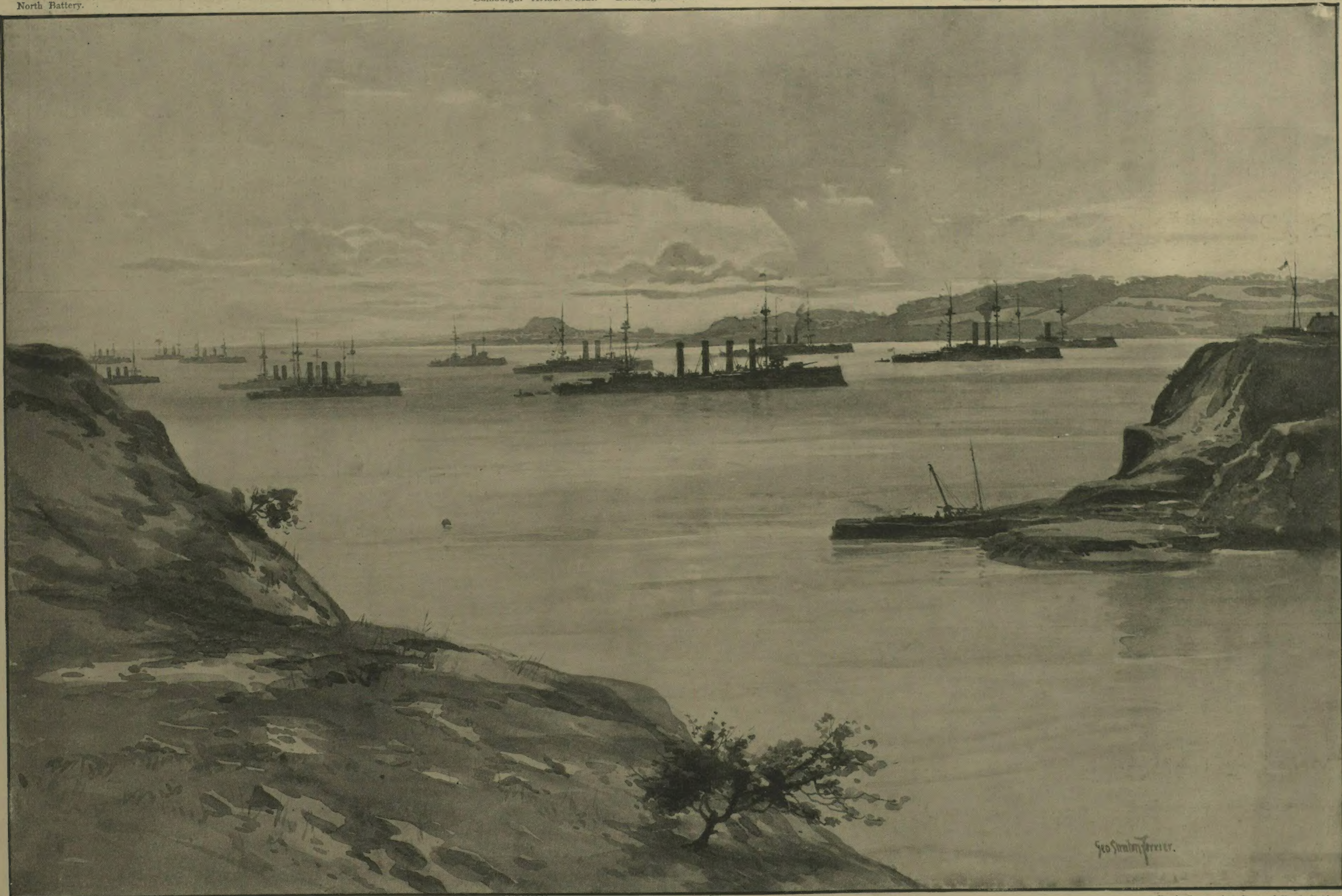
DRAWN BY G. STRATON FERRIER.

North Battery.

Edinburgh. Arthur's Seat. Edinburgh Castle.

Dalmeny Woods.

Coastguard's Station.



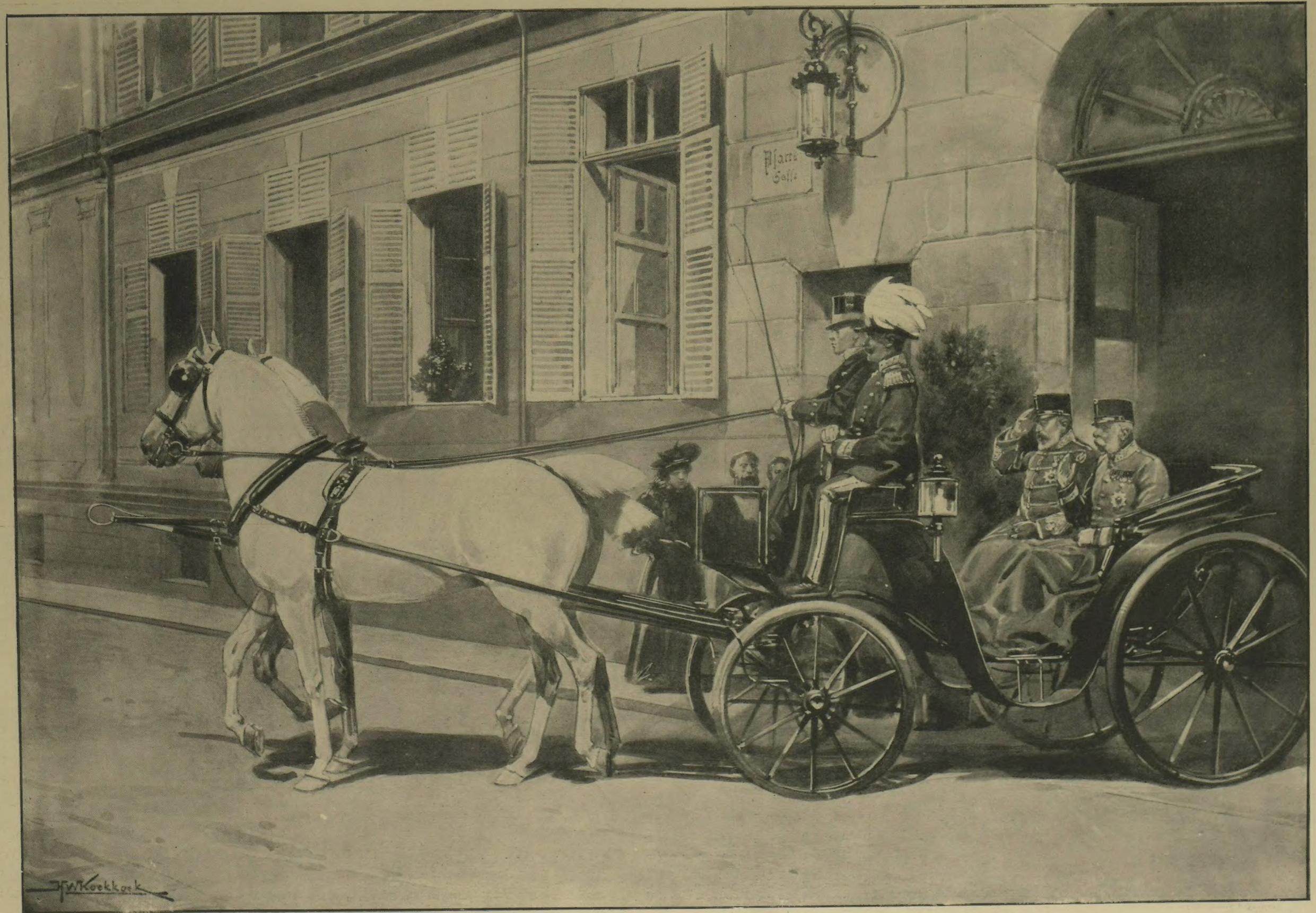
Rock Supporting Part of Forth Bridge

A VISIT OF THE FLEET TO THE VICINITY OF ITS FUTURE STATION, ROSYTH; EDINBURGH IN THE DISTANCE.

After much discussion it has at length been decided to go on with the Rosyth naval station, and a dockyard will be constructed at the Scottish base on a scale equal to Chatham. This great naval departure will mean much to the ports on the Firth of Forth and to Scottish industry generally. The view is taken from the battery on the north shore looking right across the Firth of Forth towards Edinburgh. Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh Castle, and the Dalmeny Woods (Lord Rosebery's estate) are visible in the distance. The island on the right supports part of the Forth Bridge. Rosyth, the new naval base, is some little distance to the left.

TWO GREAT SECURITIES FOR THE PEACE OF EUROPE: THE KING AND THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOKKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. FRITZ OSTERSETZER.



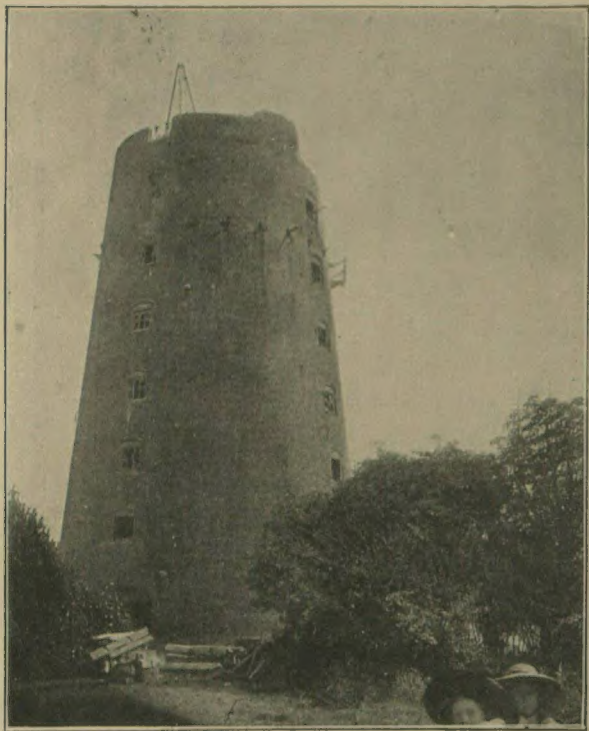
THE KING AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA LEAVING THE HOTEL AT ISCHL ON THEIR WAY TO THE EMPEROR'S VILLA

On his way to Marienbad the King stopped for a night at Ischl, where the Emperor Francis Joseph had rooms prepared for his Majesty at the hotel. The King dined with the Emperor at his villa, and on the following day the two monarchs exchanged visits and went for a walk together.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AT
MARIENBAD.

After the first day or two, the embarrassing interest of the Marienbad visitors in King Edward subsided, and his Majesty is now able to go about in public unmolested. On Sunday last the



A VANISHING YARMOUTH LANDMARK: THE HIGHEST WINDMILL IN ENGLAND.

The mill, now being pulled down, was 120 feet high. It was built in 1812 at a cost of £10,000.

King attended the morning service in the English Church, and in the afternoon heard a Wagner concert, where the solo violinist was requested by his Majesty to repeat his playing of "Träume." On the following day the King formally opened the new links of the new Marienbad Golf Club, which have been laid out on the outskirts of the town near the Carlsbad road.

THE PEACE
CON-
FERENCE.

Towards the end of the week pessimism with regard to the issue of the Peace Conference was slightly, but only slightly, moderated. It was understood that Mr. Roosevelt was doing his utmost to bring the parties to an understanding, and although this was very probably the case, there was no truth in the rumour that he had suggested arbitration. The report rose from the President's having sent for Baron Rosen, but Mr. Roosevelt's object in desiring that interview was merely to procure information, and not to interfere in any way with the work of the Plenipotentiaries. Incidentally, Mr. Roosevelt mentioned to Baron Rosen that it might be possible to form a committee of competent disinterested

men to examine into the question of an indemnity, but Baron Rosen replied that there had been no discussion on the question of amount. The principle alone was the point at issue, and that Russia could not admit. The services of experts could therefore have no place. Nothing was said regarding the cession of Sakhalien, the other rock upon which it was feared that the negotiations would go to pieces. The points already agreed upon are the recognition of Japan's preponderating influence in Korea, the mutual obligation to evacuate Manchuria, the obligation to restore China's sovereignty and administration in Manchuria, the mutual obligation to respect China's territorial and administrative integrity and the principle of the open door, the surrender of the Russian leases of the Liaotung Peninsula, including Port Arthur and Dalny.

THE BRITISH FLEET
IN DENMARK.

On its way to the Baltic, the Channel Squadron touched at Esbjerg, on the west coast of Jutland, where the officers were entertained by the municipality. Commodore Bluhme, member of the Folkething for the Esbjerg district, presided, and in the course of a speech of welcome, contrasted the present visit of the Fleet to Danish waters with the last occasion on which they were entered by a British squadron of any importance. That was in 1807, when the British bombarded Copenhagen and captured the Danish Fleet. "Now, however," continued Commodore Bluhme, "they had come as friends." The speech was received with great enthusiasm.

OUR PORTRAITS.

M. William Bouguereau, the eminent French painter, who died on Aug. 19 at the age of seventy-nine, first exhibited his works in the Salon of 1845, and in the following year, having won the Grand Prix de Rome, went to study in Italy, where he came chiefly under the influence of the painters of the Renaissance. It must be said that, on the whole, his pictures pleased the public rather than the connoisseurs, although the grace and delicacy of his work were generally recognised, and he was elected a member of the Academy of Fine Arts nine-and-twenty years ago. For forty years he was head of a school; he had very considerable vogue in America as well as in his own country; and he was one of the founders of the Société des Artistes Français. "La Jeunesse et l'Amour" showed him one of the best painters of his class and time, and amongst his best-known pictures are "The Birth of Venus,"



THE LATE M. W. BOUGUEREAU,
EMINENT PAINTER.



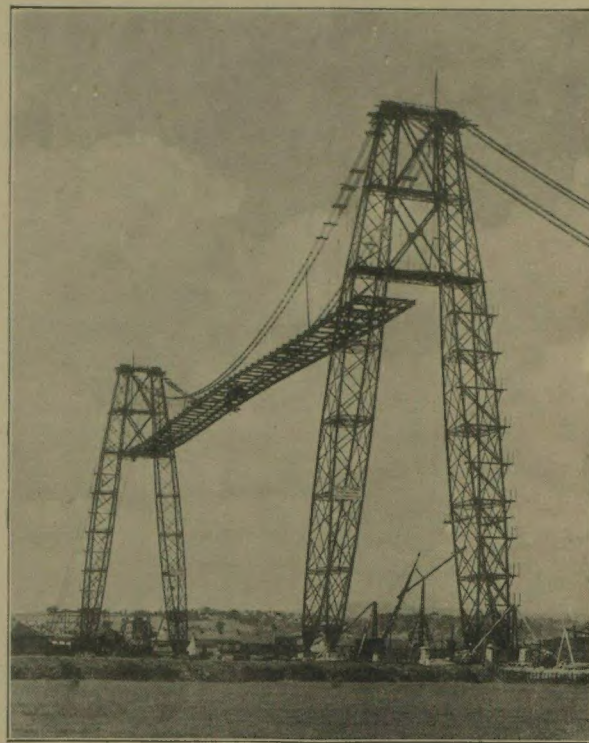
CAPTAIN COLIN R. KEPPEL, C.B., D.S.O.,
NEW COMMANDER OF HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT.



THE LATE MR. ALFRED WATERHOUSE, R.A.,
EMINENT ARCHITECT.

THE RUSSIAN
CONSTITUTION.

The new constitution promulgated by the Tsar is very disappointing to Russian Liberals. They complain that an Assembly, elected on a franchise which would exclude many of the educated class, and subject to the veto of the Tsar, who can dissolve it whenever he pleases, will exercise no real authority in Russia. It could not have been expected that the Tsar would establish a popular authority co-equal with his own. He has declared that the "fundamental law of Autocracy" must be maintained. But by setting up an Assembly even with such drastic limitations, he calls into being a power with which he will find it difficult to cope. The reform, such as it is, has been granted to avert revolution; but if the Autocrat should persistently ignore the opinion of the nation, as expressed by the Assembly, he will find that he has given that opinion something even more formidable than a voice.



THE NEWPORT TRANSPORTER-BRIDGE.

This, the second transporter in this country, will be opened a few months hence. The span is 645 feet, the height of the towers 241 feet 6 inches.

great works are the National Liberal Club, the new front of Balliol College, the Natural History Museum, St. Paul's School, and the Central Technical College. He was elected R.A. in 1885.



AUSTRALIA AT THE GUILDHALL: THE NEW SOUTH WALES EXHIBITION.

An exhibition of the products of New South Wales, including a nugget worth £1300, is just now being held at the Guildhall. It will remain open until September 2.



REMNANTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL PUNISHMENT: HAND-STOCKS AT A SHOREDITCH CHURCH.

At St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, are preserved the hand-stocks and a whipping-post used in the times when a parental Church used to inflict corporal punishment on its erring members.



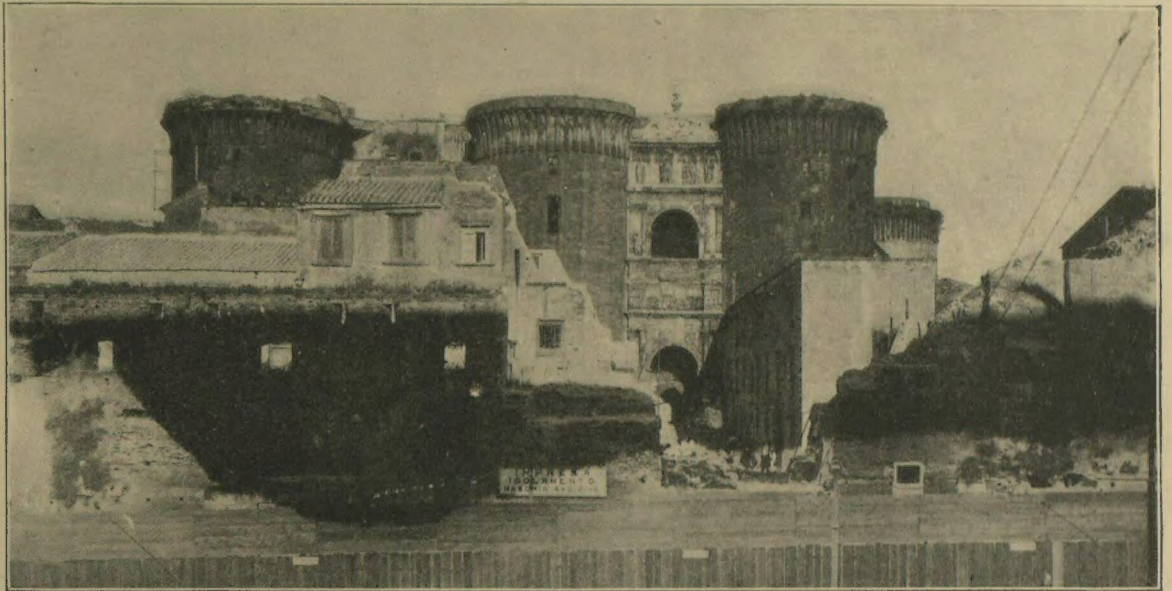
THE BRITISH FLEET IN DUTCH WATERS: THE CHANNEL SQUADRON AT YMUIDEN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WOLFF.

On its way to the Baltic the Channel Squadron lay from August 16 to 18 at Ymuiden, where courtesies were exchanged between the British sailors and the Dutch authorities.



THE ARAGON ARCH RESTORED.



THE DEMOLITIONS FOR THE ISOLATION OF THE CASTLE.

THE RESTORATION OF A HISTORICAL BUILDING AT NAPLES: THE CHÂTEAU D'ANJOU.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR.

The municipality of Naples has lately caused to be removed a gun-foundry and some unsightly dwellings which concealed the Château d'Anjou. At the same time they have set about restoring the Aragon Arch. The Château was begun in the reign of Charles I. of Anjou in 1279. The Arch of Aragon was erected in 1451 to commemorate the deeds of Alfonso of Aragon. In the reign of the Viceroy Pedro of Toledo (1551) the Château ceased to be a royal residence, and fell into the decay from which it is now being rescued.



THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD'S CURIOSITY: THE PEACE DELEGATES IN SESSION IN THEIR CONFERENCE-ROOM AT THE NAVAL BUILDING, PORTSMOUTH, U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRANTHAM BAIN.

The Russians have been handicapped in the negotiations by absence of expert advice in the council chamber. Their ideas of official dignity did not permit them to employ as secretaries any high official, but the Japanese with greater flexibility saw no barrier to a secretaryship being undertaken by such a distinguished statesman as Mr. Sato. They have thus at command an expert who can advise at once on points of procedure, while the Russians have to adjourn for the advice of Professor De Maartens. On the Japanese side (the right) the names are, from the back: Sato, Takahira, Komura, Ochiai, Adachi. On the Russian side, the names (from the back) are: Korostovitz, Rosen, Witte, Plancon.

THE LATE WILLIAM BOUGUEREAU, THE GREAT FRENCH PAINTER:
NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF HIS WORK.



THE BURIAL OF ST. CECILIA.
In the Luxembourg.

LA VIERGE CONSOLATRICE.
In the Luxembourg.

CHARITY.
In Birmingham Gallery.

IN THE WOODS.
Copyright Braun Clément.

THE PRINCE OF BEGGARS.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.



Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"I HAVE always shown my goodwill, even towards the bourgeoisie," the Queen said; and there was a purr of approval from the stout lady-in-waiting beside her chair.

"The meanest of God's creatures," Hugo murmured; and then he caught the eye of disfavour, stonily agleam under a grey wig and over the ponderous figure, and his twinkle evaded it. He ran a glance up and down the furniture, and he found himself noting how well it suited its owner. The plum-coloured hangings, the stiff gilt mirrors, the sofa built for proud discomfort and barricaded by a vast expanse of mahogany table—all these things made up a room that appeared to feed complacently upon its own dullness, and that shut out, with velvet and a pomp of curtains, the smile of delicious May upon the palace.

"Dear aunt, it is the inordinate condescension of the garden-party that is so bad for them—and us," he protested. "Once a year, by way of acknowledging a would outside the nobility, we invite a posse of burghers and their wives to taste our coffee and champagne; and we upset their social balance for the rest of their lives. Your Majesty, of course, takes them to represent the kingdom; but I assure you their joy is to think they are asserting their own superiority. To make your attitude plain you would have to sweep in barbers and bankers, wine merchants and wood-cutters, at a cast—believe me, the most singular grades exist among the nobodys. As it is, the dear, good Muhlberg picks over the directory, and a flood of pretension is let loose in respectable parlours. The invited ruffle it over the uninvited, and happy neighbours split for life on the rock of your Majesty's smile."

Nobody could have looked less like smiling than the elderly Sophie at that moment. The lady beside the chair began—"The Queen's gracious recognition of the middle-classes"—and trailed into silence again. She wheezed when she spoke, her silk gown as closely stuffed as a cushion: not so long ago, as his *gouvernante*, she had wielded a grim authority over the young Prince who sat now, grown man and heir-presumptive, before her, and to a sore memory, her manner still carried the menace of judgment with it. He suspected her of

backbiting, innuendo in the ear of Majesty; but he had nothing to go upon except a vague conviction that a woman with that jowl could never forgive a past-master of booby-traps.

"Of all classes, Baroness," the Queen said emphatically. "There are three, Hugo: the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, and the poor. The first we may know in reason, and who am I, Heaven appointed, to turn aside in my duty towards the mass of virtuous working people? To invite the whole city would be absurdity; besides, some people don't wash; a selection meets the case exactly. There is no favour in it; I am sure I don't know one burgher from another, God be thanked."

This time, Hugo laughed outright. It was an infectious laugh, but neither of the two fat, serious women was softened by it. The Baroness, advancing a pace, laid a pile of invitation-cards before her mistress; the Queen, adjusting her pince-nez, resumed inspection of them. Their joint air, braced against the flippant intrusion of cavillers, said business; Hugo rose, clicked his spurred heels, bowed low, twinkling now at the cabbage-roses on the carpet, and jingled away, his light blue uniform glowing past the rank of stiff-backed chairs by the wall, to the double doors of an ante-chamber.

Here, at any rate, were beings not too preoccupied with the dignity of office to disregard the blandishments of the morning. Someone had dragged a curtain aside so that the sunshine flooded far corners; breath of lilac and hawthorn had entered with it, and two slender ladies, who, it was not impossible to see, had been young once, were humanly enjoying a cavalry officer's conversation.

The three rose to their feet, chairs scraping on the parquet. There was affection in the looks with which they greeted him. After all, the King's nephew and heir, if he were not *persona grata* with Consort Sophie, and so was out of favour with the fussy little autocrat whose petty throne she shared, could have no lack of sympathisers. Johann was his aunt's favourite—stodgy cousin Johann, always decorous in season, pompous and pasty and guiltless of democratic leaver; but less exalted personages reserved their tenderness for Prince

Hugo. As he halted there, his brown eyes dancing, his intelligent, rather plain face screwed up shrewdly, his figure, a little thick but not uncomely, well set by the white-and-gold of the closed doors, he stood for a live thing in harmony with outer airs, with the impetuous spring, the sturdy, perennial youth of the world.

"Oh, be seated, please. Fräulein von Rhode, you look troubled. I hope Willy Rotheim hasn't been urging you to lay money on him at the officers' steeplechase. Setting aside your well-known principles, I may as well tell you that it is a practical certainty for Courlander, whose Hungarian papa-in-law's money helps him to better horseflesh than our poor Willy can afford to breed."

"That wouldn't disturb her," Rotheim said. He was a fair, handsome young man, with a bullet-head and an air of natural simplicity under his costly uniform. "She wants me to lose that I may see the error of my ways. The ladies have been arguing that income should coincide with expenditure. Almost they persuade me; but unhappily, to set the Rotheim fortunes right, they should have been born a hundred years ago, and strewed their words of wisdom before my great-great-grandfather. I tell them mending is out of my power; and there's the cause of the general depression."

"I have been preaching to deaf ears too," the Prince said. "The Fräulein's advice couldn't have fallen flatter than mine. I have been trying to persuade Aunt Sophie to abolish her burgher-party; but it seems the Town Councillors' wives are not to forego the fearful joy of drinking a real King's coffee. I'm afraid her Majesty has missed my point of view."

"Which is—?"

"The extreme impertinence of condescension," Hugo said. He went to the window, caught a nodding spray of lilac, drank in its fragrance, divided it, and laid a cluster of blossom upon each lady's lap. "The infectiousness of bad example. Heavens! Because we are puffed out by circumstances we have done nothing to create, by a whim of the good Providence, are we set to work to engender our own wretched conceit



"Amazing how similar are the noses of royalty and aldermen and jobbing tailors, is it not?"

among a people who might look upon life quite honestly? Let us hedge ourselves with divinity and live our life like other men, if you please; or else proclaim the equality of all flesh and blood and open the palace gates to any man who pays a penny to keep us going. I see a way to make that clearer, too. . . . He stroked a thoughtful chin, suddenly overcome with gravity.

"After all, it is only twenty years since the Baroness whipped your Royal Highness for playing with the sweep's boy," one of the ladies remarked. She touched the spray of lilac tenderly.

"Ay; and the rogue was a better fellow than I—at climbing chimneys," Hugo said. "Come, Willy, we're late. I wish you were a Master of Horse with a punctual conscience. Ladies, I have the honour to bid you a very good morning. Ah! What's that?"

His hand went to a reticule upon a table. It was stuffed with gilt-edged pasteboards. Fräulein von Rhode gave a little, defensive flutter.

"Blank cards of invitation in case her Majesty should need them? Tut! Positively, she mustn't. Eh?" He picked the bag up, and peered into it. The ladies circled about him helplessly. "More proud, perspiring citizens? Now, if I had the privilege of inviting—" He slipped the ribbon over his arm.

"Prince!" The two remonstrances chimed together. "The Queen will never—we are jointly responsible. . . . Court Chancellor Muhlberg. . . . the Baroness—"

Hugo turned to the door, arrived there, and threw his cheerful grin back upon them.

"I take all responsibilities," he said, and linked an arm into Rotheim's, and passed out humming.

They came, through a vestibule, to a broad terrace, where the stripes of a sentry-box dazzled the eye, and a guardian helmet spike flashed up and down. The royal park lay before them, orderly, conventional, a miniature German Versailles, spreading its chestnut avenues to the sun. Donnerstein, commanded by the solemn palace at their backs, filled the middle distance with ripe red roofs, sprinkle of church spires, the sparkle of a river, the grey span of a bridge. It was a goodly heritage; and some of the Prince's jauntiness evaporated. Instinctively meeting it, as it were, eye to eye, he squared his shoulders.

"A pretty show of unearned increment," said he. Willy peered at him.

"The Evil One fly away with your Socialistic nonsense, Prince!" he said. "I am going to be serious. I implore you to play no pranks with those cards. Nothing would annoy the Queen more, and what annoys the Queen. . . . His Majesty is very near the end of his patience."

"He has promised to banish me for the next offence," Hugo said, and took a deep breath. "Upon my soul, I believe it might be a sensation worth tasting. Perhaps if I should

. . . wander, far and alone,
Estranged from my kingdom, bereft of my own,

I might learn decorum, Willy. Eh? At the present moment—I confess it—the constraint of my good aunt's pious environment is almost more than I can bear. I'm sorry; but an inner voice, growing louder day by day, urges me to burst my bonds."

They had walked the length of the terrace, and were approaching the stables. Rotheim dropped behind as a bustle of grooms met the Prince. He scratched his head pensively, noting the young man's mocking profile and the colour in his cheek. The devil had evidently taken lodgings once more in Prince Hugo; and Count Willy, who was a faithful and conscientious gentleman, if primarily an impecunious one, walked with sober apprehension of what that possession might entail.

He knew it six weeks later, when all Donnerstein knew it too. The hush that presages the storm had been exemplified by an interval wherein Hugo, with the mildness of a lamb, escorted his aunt to public functions, and sat under her chaplain to the nineteenth and lastly head of his sermons, and remained respectful when the King, with the iteration of a stupid man, deplored the iconoclastic spirit of the age. Rotheim, even, was temporarily deceived. His term in attendance came to an end, and he went away for a month's holiday, to his mortgaged estate on the Austrian border and the engrossing study of horseflesh.

He returned on a cloudless day in June. The journey across country involved many changes; and though he had left early, it was afternoon before he disembarked from a sleepy train at the last junction. He had an hour to wait, and there was nothing to do in the dull little town; he lounged on the railway-platform, and was presently rewarded by seeing a special train shunted on to the Donnerstein line, and Court Chancellor Muhlberg's grey moustache and whiskers looking out of a carriage-window.

The Chancellor was a person of dignity, and his valet was known to be irreproachable. Willy's fleeting glimpse gave view of an order askew, a frock-button unfastened, and at these signs of upheaval he ran forward and jumped on the step. Muhlberg barked a command; the guard unlocked the door; and the train slid out of the station, past the level-crossing, and its lowered barriers, out to the ryefields and the glare of a fertile plain.

The old man was waving a crumpled telegram. For a minute or two he had no coherent utterance; then he began to disburden himself.

"Your rascally Prince!" he said, shaking the flimsy paper in Rotheim's face.

A cold shiver, which defied the temperature, ran down the young man's back. He cleared for action promptly, however.

"Come, come, Chancellor. That's no way to speak of our future Sovereign. The warm afternoon has upset your Excellency. Let us have temperate language, please, when we mention august persons."

Muhlberg shut his mouth, opened it again, fish-like, and appeared to gasp for breath. When he had found it, he said thickly—

"Deep in it yourself, naturally. You'll pay. Cashiered to-morrow, Herr Jackanapes, and leisure to think f'rest of your life."

"On my honour, I don't know what you're talking of, Excellency. I'm just back from a month's leave. What is it?"

Muhlberg dropped heavily to the seat. He snapped on his eye-glasses, smoothed out the telegram, and began to read it.

"Saved your skin then—if the King believes you. . . . Listen to this. Received three-quarters of an hour ago, when I was nursing my gout in particular peace. It's the day of the burgher-party, as I suppose you've the sense to remember. From the Baroness, of course."

"Return immediately to the Court. Majesty overwhelmed by irruption of ruffianly and disreputable persons; Prince instigating excesses from the terrace, and his Majesty issuing peremptory call for armed troops to restore order. I implore—" Oh, well, the rest is merely the Baroness. But what d'ye make of that? I can see Prince Hugo written red all over it."

Rotheim's memory darted back to a little black reticule swinging on the Prince's arm.

"A mistake in the arrangements—" he said faintly.

"There are no mistakes where I supervise, Herr Count," the Chancellor boomed. "The list of invited persons was irreproachable. No! It's some devilry of his Highness's. If you have a Prince who coquettes with Demos, what can you expect? Thank Heaven, here is Donnerstein."

The shadow of a big station leapt at the train. They dismounted, and hurried into a cab.

"The palace, as quickly as possible," Muhlberg said, and the driver, recognising the great man, whipped his beast to a canter. The paved roadway rattled down any further effort at speech; Muhlberg clung to one cushion, Willy to another, and the hot, empty streets bordered with lime-trees, the cafés, the queer, cramped shops flew by them.

The green wall of June foliage about the park loomed up at last. As they approached it they saw little knots of citizens on the side walks, stir at a barrack arch, and a couple of gendarmes clattered out of a guard-house. They came, almost at the same moment, to the great iron and gilded gates at the city end of the royal demesne, where a wedged crowd blocked their advance.

Willy sprang out, thrust forward a sturdy shoulder, clenched a fist, and bored a way through for himself and his companion. He had seen and heard enough to make his anxiety acute. He came to the front; and there the stupor of consternation overcame him.

Prince Hugo, his flushed face appearing over a sea of heads, was launched on a tide of public utterance. Even from afar the Master of Horse could see the twist of his mouth, the narrowing of eyes that meant the twinkle at its worst. He was haranguing his hearers from a tree-stump, and it was very plain that the imp in possession was making the most of his hour of supremacy.

And what an audience hung on his words! The wilful madness of the escapade caught poor Willy by the throat. Here, fresh from the courts and by-ways of the old city, redolent of the workshop and the pedlar's pack, swayed a concourse of odd-job men and tinkers—the flotsam of labour, the unsuccessful, the unlucky. The mischief was out: Prince Hugo had used the abducted cards to establish his Socialistic theories, and he was airing them gaily under the very shadow of feudalism.

"I am sorry you have had such a poor welcome, brothers; but his Majesty's beneficence moves slowly, and progress has to go a foot at a time to keep pace with it. Between you and me, 'twas I alone that asked you, and the summons was a little out of order, but you have had a good look at a King and Queen, and no doubt you'll remember that. Amazing how similar are the noses of royalty and aldermen and jobbing tailors, is it not? I assure you that the resemblance goes deeper." (Willy heard Muhlberg make sounds of apoplexy, and he put his arm under the old man's, and propped him.) "Yet there is one fundamental difference of condition it does not do to forget, if you would judge the great folk kindly. You are free to serve your stomachs as you may; but we high-and-mightinesses are netted in by a thousand years of dominance, and we have sat so long on velvet cushions that we have forgotten how it feels to lay a head in the good lap of Nature and go hungry till we earn a meal. I commend your privilege to you, for your comfort. You must be men, or die in a ditch. But we—"

A rank of cavalry trotted down the avenue. The speech ended abruptly; but Hugo, as he plunged from the tree-stump to the heart of the crowd, could be heard still exhorting it.

"Oh, no; don't move. See, I'll walk in the middle of you till we are clear of the gates, and then our friends who are serving their country so bravely there won't be rude enough to push through the procession. And when I'm King (may that be long!) I'll ask for your kind sympathy for a poor devil in a tight place, and perhaps I'll bid you all to another garden-party, to meet the quality with its best manners on."

The motley gathering, pressed by the soldiers, squeezed through to the road. It stood indecisive for an instant, plainly puzzled by abnormal experience, and then the cheers burst out.

"Hurrah for Prince Hugo! Hurrah!" And, a little less certainly—"Hurrah for the King and Queen! Life to their Majesties!"

A minute later, Hugo was face to face with Rotheim. The crowd ebbed; a corporal of horse had turned his charger, and was backing the Prince's protégés away from him; Willy shot out a hand, and, still hauling Muhlberg, propelled his two superiors within the gates.

They clanged after them, and the Chancellor began to take command of his outraged senses.

"If his Royal Highness will permit me to withhold," he said, hoarse and empurpled, and his averted eye roamed towards the grey façade.

"By all means," Hugo said. "Her Majesty has been wiring all over the country for you. I believe. You had better go to the Council Chamber, Chancellor, where you will probably find grave resolutions afoot."

He watched the broad back recede. Then—

"Well, Willy?" he queried.

Rotheim, too, eyed the podgy dot, so full of congested indignation, diminishing under the chestnut trees.

"What is it, exactly, that you have done?" he said.

"I'm not quite clear," the Prince said pensively. "I certainly invited some quite respectable people to the Queen's party for the masses, and they as certainly came. There were two kinds of guests, those who had fine linen and those who hadn't; and they didn't mix. The Court flunkies seemed inclined to feast one lot and not the other, and I went on to the terrace and insisted on my selection being offered cakes and coffee. After that there was some confusion. Uncle Joseph had hysterics, I fancy, and wanted to bring the artillery to clear the tables. Positively, for a moment the situation was awkward. Deuced bad manners Kings have, when you take them unawares! My friends came away quietly with me in the end, to hear a parting word, and we left the burgher-folk, under the impression there was going to be a revolution, being rude to each other in their hurry to get out of the grand entrance."

"It wasn't in the best taste, was it, to thrust a mob of beggars into a lady's garden?" Rotheim inquired.

"Beggars! Not a man among them but has done more to earn his living than I have," Hugo said.

"Their manners are awfully civil, too. Look how they cheered just now. Poor sheep! Poor mild, forgiving sheep! I have the grace to be ashamed of the scurvy turn I have served them. For the rest, I suppose someone will come to put me under arrest shortly, and to-morrow I shall get that sentence of banishment we have spoken of before, Willy."

"Which means Paris or Vienna, and worse company than your Highness would be seen with in Donnerstein."

"Eh?" The Prince stopped his slow pace and set his jaw. "You think so meanly of me, do you? No, no; it is the chance I have been waiting for. I am going to become an honest man and earn my living."

"May I ask how?"

"Oh, you think I am not in earnest. Do you remember the history of my maternal great-great-great-grandfather, the Count of Rabenecke? You don't? When adversity met him, in the shape of the Emperor's cold shoulder after ruin and hard fighting, he tied an apron round his middle, and turned innkeeper, with Rabenecke for his hostel, and earned a decent living, he alone among a hundred hungry, freebooting, marauding princes. How should I look as mine host, Willy? Rabenecke is mine, you know; and it isn't over the Donnerstein border, so Uncle Seffel couldn't drive me out of it. It is on debateable land; it is in a wedge of neutral territory. Gad, I wonder how the old castle looks? I haven't been to it since my mother died, which is twenty years ago. . . . To be sure, it is rather out of the beaten track; but we would get an English firm to furnish it, and bring a good *chét* with us, and advertise it in the New York and Paris papers. Its historical associations are not insignificant; and I'll wager that rocky hill-top is healthy."

"You would be the laughing-stock of Europe."

"Tut! You don't suppose I should hang my coronet over the stable-door, do you? It would have to be worked incognito, of course. I should give out I had gone to Monte Carlo out of the season, or some other equally remote place, and grow a beard, and it would get about that Prince Hugo, in consequence of family difficulties, had leased Schloss Rabenecke to a Yankee syndicate. The details are quite feasible; and I have considered them."

"But what in the world," cried Willy, "do you know of innkeeping?"

"I have been overcharged in all the best hotels in Europe," Hugo said. "It is not a bad introduction to the business. Look, I told you so! There comes Baumgartner with a captain's guard, to take me to my own apartments. It is the beginning of the end. Poor Aunt Sophie, it is time her nerves had a rest from me. Johann will have to smooth her down. He is an unctuous youth; he will be able to do it. But I don't suppose he will say much for the absent sinner."

Rotheim looked at the advancing group in desperation. His wits would not serve him; this was an ill business, and no power of his could avert its consequences.

The captain saluted, and advanced to parley. Hugo unhooked his sword, and, with a courteous gesture, surrendered it. As he moved forward to the officer's company, he glanced at his friend.

"I mean it, Count," he said. "If I do, will you—"

"What good am I?" Willy said bitterly. The guard closed up and Prince Hugo turned to set them at their ease. They were close to the palace now, and he could see there was still a slight disorder on the terrace.

March with him into exile? What else? He must go and see about resigning his commission, and that without delay.

His own depressed fortunes rushed at him. What good, as he had said, was he? He had not even credit to stake for his Prince. Yet if Hugo went to Rabenecke, or to the world's end, Wilhelm zu Rotheim must go too, because in all the loyalty of his honest soul he loved him.

THE END.

PEACEMAKERS AT PORTSMOUTH, U.S.A.: SCENES OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE CONFERENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS (EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE SPECIFIED) BY PHOTO. PRESS.



1. THE JAPANESE SALUED BY ARTILLERY ON ENTERING THE NAVAL GROUNDS, PORTSMOUTH.

2. ASSISTANT-SECRETARY PIERCE (IN CHARGE OF THE ARRANGEMENTS) ESCORTING THE ENVOYS TO THE CONFERENCE BUILDING.

3. BARON ROSEN AND M. WITTE LEAVING THE COURTHOUSE AFTER THE CEREMONIES AT PORTSMOUTH.

4. THE COURTHOUSE, WHERE THE PRINCIPAL CEREMONIES OF WELCOME WERE HELD.

5. THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD'S CURIOSITY: THE CONFERENCE ROOM.—[Stereograph Copyright 1905 by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.]

6. M. WITTE AND BARON ROSEN WATCHING THE PARADE HELD IN THEIR HONOUR AT PORTSMOUTH.

7. M. TAKAHIRA (ON THE BACK SEAT OF THE MOTOR) ON HIS WAY TO THE HOTEL.

8. M. WITTE AND BARON ROSEN ENTERING THE NAVAL BUILDING OF PORTSMOUTH.—[Photo. Leitch.]

9. THE ENVOYS OF THE MIKADO: THE JAPANESE PARTY LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE SWISS VINE-DRESSERS' FESTIVAL: THE FÊTE DES VIGNERONS AT VEVEY.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.



THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE ARENA: THE CORPS DES SUISSES.

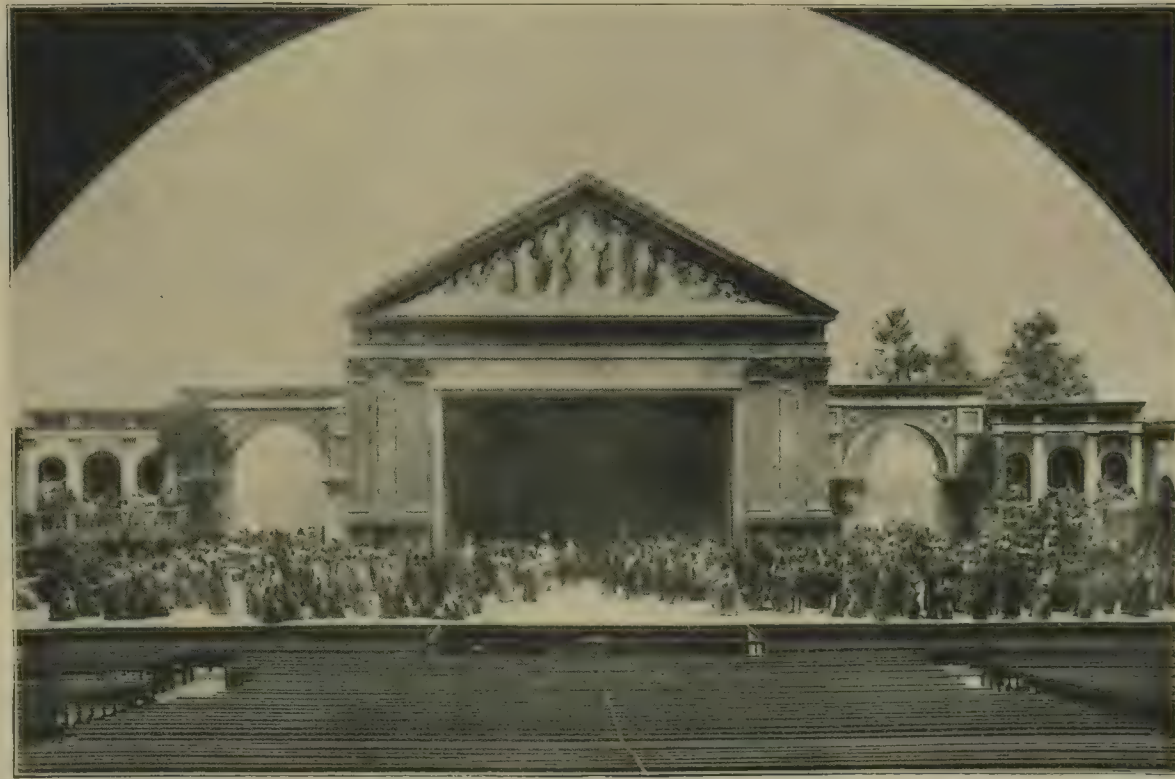
Every twenty years at Vevey, in Switzerland, is celebrated the Fête des Vignerons, founded in the sixteenth century by the brotherhood of vine-dressers. The market place at Vevey has this year been turned into an amphitheatre, and the spectacle, originally nothing more than the procession and banquet of a public company, is now an allegorical pageant symbolising the worship of Nature through the ages. There were 18,000 performers.

"THE SCHOOL OF THE CROSS" AT OBERAMMERGAU: "DAVID AND CHRIST."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. BLUM AND DEGEN, PATERNOSTER ROW.



GOLIATH (HANS MAYR).



GENERAL VIEW OF THE STAGE: KING DAVID'S ENTRANCE.



DAVID (ANDREAS LANG).



LEADER OF THE CHORUS (GREGOR BREITSAMTER).



THE TEMPTATION: "HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE OVER THEE."



SAUL (SEBASTIAN LANG).

An intermediate play, given five years after and before the decennial "Passion Play," is now being performed at Oberammergau. It is entitled "The School of the Cross; or, David and Christ." The play symbolizes the incidents in David's life which foreshadowed the Messiah. Members of the famous peasant actor-families of Lang and Mayr are again appearing in the leading rôles.

THE SEISTAN EXPEDITION: ON THE ROUTE OF THE RECENT MISSION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GANGA SINGH.



MISSION CAMP AT KHWAJA AHMAD, NEAR RUSTUM'S BATTLE-GROUND.



THE GRASS BOAT OF SEISTAN.



MISSION PASSING THROUGH MEELUK, ON THE HELMAND.



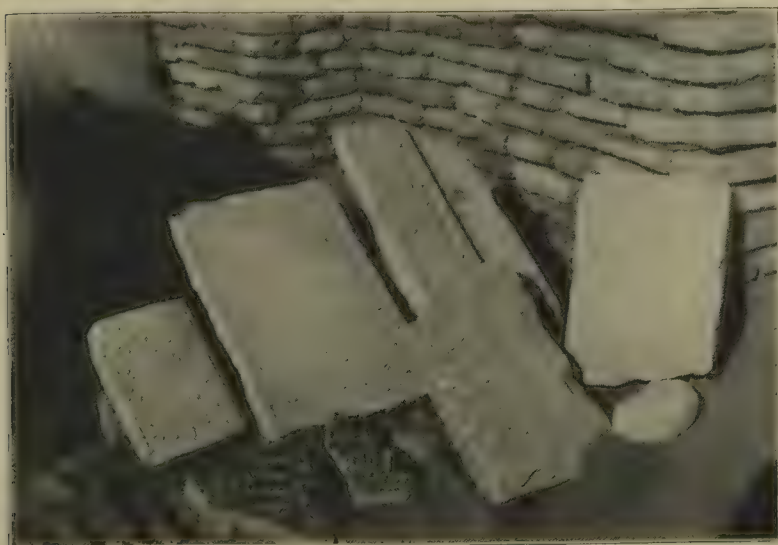
THE MISSION CROSSING THE HELMAND.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF RUSTUM: TARAKHUM.



THE OLD CAPITAL OF TAMERLANE: TAMERLANE'S FORT.



INSCRIPTIONS FROM THE SHRINE OF PIR (SAINT) ZAIHDAN.



THE SUBSTITUTE FOR JAIL IN SEISTAN: TETHERED PRISONERS.

The scene of Rustum the Persian hero's fight with Isfandrya was about five miles to the south of Khwaja Ahmad. Boats of the kind shown in our second picture are known as "tootin" from the name of the grass, "tool," from which they are made. They are used for fishing and for catching water-fowl. Tamerlane's Fort was dismantled two centuries ago; the ruins are two hundred feet high. Prisoners in Seistan are confined for the night in an outhouse of the Governor's palace; during the day they are secured by long chains fastened to the ground with a nail. Once a day they are sent through the town under guard to beg their food. The Seistan Arbitration Commission, under Colonel A. H. McMahon, recently returned to Quetta after two and a-half years' work.

MANY THEMES IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

MRS. WHARTON is super-subtle. And we like the delicate edges of her thought and feeling better when she is dividing the motives of American men and women than when, as in her "Italian Backgrounds" (Macmillan), she is separating the Grisons from the rest of Switzerland, before separating Italy from the Grisons. She calls the other Swiss valleys an "anecdotic Switzerland," a country made "for the delectation of a *cœur à poésie facile*," a toy, and a place whereof the buildings "suggest cabinet-work rather than architecture," and so forth. Therefore she will not compare it with Italy. But who asked for any such comparison? The thing is subtly done, but it is none the less a banal thing to do, a commonplace, and moreover a commonplace quite uncalled for, one that would find a fit place in the paltriest kind of conversation, but not in an exceedingly clever woman's book had she not been in search of something fastidious to say. We do not want to compare the Swiss valleys with the Italian plain, nor are we much more interested in Mrs. Wharton's scorn of the Grisons, in which there is, it seems, a false air of Italy. In fact, she is a tourist in twenty thousand, but still a tourist, and she lacks the simplicity of the dweller. For this reason, too, she is foremost in the reaction against Ruskin and the Gothic, which leads her into the error of charging that great thinker and teacher with a love for "pseudo-Gothicism, the trans-alpine points and pinnacles"; and this *à propos* of Milan. Ruskin condemned Milan Cathedral, and loved no Gothic in Italy save that which was proper to the race and therefore to the place, as on the Lagues. We have done nothing but find fault, because these faults are irritating, even to exasperation, in a brilliant and delightful book. Mrs. Wharton is a wit and a "mistress of vision."

Tommy Carteret was the victim of circumstances as unpleasant as they were harrowing. Indeed, it would be difficult to recall a hero more undeservedly unfortunate than he who gives the title to the latest novel by Mr. Justus Miles Forman (Ward, Lock). And all, sad to say, because of his father. That elder Tommy had a "certain sweet, appealing weakness" which (according to our author) "woman most instinctively loves." He had gone through life breaking, or at any rate stealing, the hearts of women: some of them good women, like Mrs. Arabella Crowley, who plays so excellent a part in the restoration of the son, and others very weak, like the "Hartwell woman," whom the old beau of over sixty so compromises that Mr. Hartwell is given a complete whip-hand. As, however, Anne Hartwell's confession made only murmured mention of a "Tommy Carteret," her injured husband naturally lets his anger light, not on the old rip, but on "Young" Tommy, who, poor, chivalrous soul, accepts the burden of the father's transgression and goes out with it into the wilderness. It would seem to be an unnecessary sacrifice, for most people must have soon learned the truth. But Tommy, as we have said, was the victim of happenings both harrowing and unpleasant. And let it not be supposed that we have told the tale of them all. Far from it. Readers who are recreated by this kind of thing have really a splendid time before them in following Tommy's further misfortunes. Not for many a chapter, not indeed until he has managed to break his head twice in the same particular spot, is he relieved of the incubus of a certain fateful Marianna and restored to the adorable Sib who has been faithful to him during all his years of madness. Happy the novelist who can pack his pages so full of sensationalism plus sentiment as does Mr. Forman in "Tommy Carteret."

Messrs. Dean and Son are doing useful service to those music-loving people who happen to be "dumb dogs" by the issue of their Wagner romances, of which the third, now published, is "Lohengrin," by Mr. Bernard Capes. The side of Wagner's genius that enabled him to present the great legends dressed in adequate language, as well as revitalised by his musical magic, is generally left in the shadow even by his own countrymen and admirers. Mr. Capes throws the light of an artistic understanding upon it, and for the benefit of English readers. He sets his version in such ardent words that it is really difficult to remember it may be taken, from this point of view, as a text-book—a primer, so to speak, to lead his readers on to appreciation of a great man's inspired versatility. The romantic aspect of the composition is brilliantly successful, but, at the risk of seeming ungrateful, we cannot help noticing that Mr. Capes has not escaped sundry pitfalls. The music seems to have beguiled him into a redundancy of luscious expression, which is surely an attempt to translate the untranslatable; and on another count, his literary style, here as elsewhere, too often minces abominably. Yet he has done justice to his theme; his artificiality is overshadowed by real dramatic power, and "Lohengrin" stands high amongst recent publications.

"Red o' the Feud" (Werner Laurie) opens with "a slaughter grim and great," which is an earnest of more bloodshed later. As the author is Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, it follows naturally that the action takes place upon the moors, and that the dogged moormen, doughty in fight and feud, dominate its pages. The Waynes, when they came through the night and fell upon the Ratcliffes, and paid off old scores by a grand wiping-out of man and manchild, took no thought of the babe unborn who should arise to wreak a mighty vengeance on them. This was

Red Ratcliffe, brought forth in the hour of carnage by a dying mother, and destined to grow to be a moorland Siegfried, very terrible in fight. He loved "foster-brother," his axe, as himself, and he looked to killing as the natural means for raising the House of Ratcliffe again—characteristics that, it is hardly necessary to say, make him a hero after his author's heart. Mr. Sutcliffe fairly revels in a fight; and so we find his young man "standing to the top of his six-foot-four of height and holding the axe in his two brawny hands," or "leaping full into the middle of a bewildered seven to cut down one," or, finally, sweeping out to look for the greatest fight of all, when Providence, through the instrumentality of a bog-slide, engulfs the implacable enemies, still hewing at each other, in ooze and slime. There is a smack of Carver Doone's fate about this; and, indeed, Waynes and Ratcliffes must have been quite as bloody-minded as the Doones. Their warfare, to those who like red murder and plenty of it, will make thrilling reading.

If a liberal supply of characters and incidents were all that was wanted to make a readable novel, "As the Sparks Fly Upward" (Drane) would pass muster. Unluckily for Lady Napier of Magdala, who has launched a romance under this significant title, other ingredients must not be neglected, and with them the art of mixing the salad, which looks easy enough, to be sure, until you try it. Perhaps the proof-reader is to blame for the eccentricities of punctuation and paragraphing that are scattered through the story; but there are other blemishes, no less conspicuous, which we are afraid cannot be laid at his door. Crude composition will discredit the most ingenious plot; and the weird and tragical occurrences that march by here are too disconnected to carry a moderate conviction with them. We acknowledge the writer's good intentions, and we applaud her plucky effort in a field unsuited to her abilities; but tested by the craftsman's measure "As the Sparks Fly Upward" hardly qualifies for serious criticism. The defeat of the heir-presumptive's designing wife by the birth of *two* posthumous boy-babies to Lord Tremenhoe's widow is certainly a brilliant way of saving a situation, for we are sure that the wicked Lady John would not have shrunk from making away with a solitary small obstacle between her spouse and the peerage. We can commend this to the notice of more practical novelists, who will probably envy Lady Napier's enterprising spirit, and admire the generosity of her imagination.

If you would take a pleasant companion with you on your country rambles, you could hardly do better than select the first volume of "Wild Flowers Month by Month." This book, written and illustrated by Edward Step, F.L.S., and published by Frederick Warne and Co., deals as pleasantly with the countryside as any volume we have met, and the author is to be congratulated upon his knowledge and his freedom from pedantry. He conveys much sound and reliable information in the most pleasant and chatty fashion, and all who have lived an observant country life must realise how much hard and sustained work went to the making of the book. The first volume deals with but four of the year's twelve months, but as they are March, April, May, and June they are naturally more full of material than the others. Woods, hillside, river bank, lane, meadow, common land, down land, mere, and seaside are traversed with equal impartiality and enthusiasm; the accuracy of the text and the quality of the illustrations are alike worthy of high praise, even in these days when books that deal with any branch of Natural History have reached a high standard of excellence. If Mr. Step's second volume is as good as the first the two should find a place upon the bookshelves of every lover of the country-side. The author is quite right in pointing out the transformation in research that has followed in the path of the camera.

To his monograph on "Newman" in the "Literary Lives" series Dr. Barry has now added one on "Ernest Renan" (Hodder and Stoughton). The title of the series justifies the choice of the author. Dr. Barry has had to deal with Renan primarily as the man of letters, and only secondarily as the critic. Thus the incongruity which is at first suggested by the title-page of the book is hardly apparent in the work itself. Dr. Barry writes on his subject with more tenderness than might have been looked for. His account of Renan's childhood and early manhood, spent in an atmosphere penetrated with the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, is full of charm. The analysis of the process by which Renan passed from faith to doubt, and from doubt to defiance, is marked by restraint, indeed by a certain degree of evasion. Obviously Dr. Barry, if he spoke his mind about Renan from the ecclesiastical point of view, would hardly write in terms convenient for such a series as this. He resists the temptation gallantly, and with so much skill as almost to persuade us that he writes with complete detachment of view. At all events, he never fails to be interesting. No ordinary reader could wish for a more capable summary of Renan's life, of the development of his views, and of the nature of his work as a man of letters. That many readers will desiderate something at least a little more critical on the theological side may be taken as a matter of course; but for the general reader this will suffice. Dr. Barry is the master of a charming style—despite his lapse into an occasional "and which"; and his text is supported by some excellent illustrations.

ARTISTIC AND INARTISTIC.

PROFESSOR BALDWIN BROWN'S "William Hogarth" (The Walter Scott Publishing Company) forms one of the series of "Makers of British Art." This is the age of historical art-handbooks, and it is not the fault of the publishers if the nation is not well instructed in all the schools, from Cimabue to Phil May. It is well, therefore, that what we know of the Tuscan and of the city that environed him we should know at least as thoroughly of the English painter and of his town. Professor Brown tells us compactly a good deal about Hogarth, and one of his best chapters relates to London—the tract of our London which was the whole of Hogarth's—and gives us a summary of the chances and changes of the streets. In the biographical chapters, the author holds the usual brief for a hero-client, and thus fulfils a trust that is not arduous, for Hogarth had—if few very warm friends—few enemies. We are taken through the stages of that uneventful life and through the lessons of Hogarth's moral pictures. It should be a warning to our critics of the moment to find this painter, whose single motive was the moral of an "anecdote," recognised at last as a master of beautiful technique, one "whose hand loved the brush as the hand of a soldier loves the sword." Professor Brown does no more, by the way, than place in a catalogue one of Hogarth's finest quiet pictures, "The Lady's Last Stake"; nor can we find it at all in the index. Mrs. Thrale's story of her sitting would have made good matter for a page or two, especially as Sir Leslie Stephen charged her, wantonly—we must add, ignorantly—with inveracity in regard to it. The men of four generations have thought it worth while to be unjust to this one little woman.

The reproduction in this twentieth century of the Doré Milton (Cassell) is an enterprise the courage of which does not merit much respect. The essentially trivial work of the once-popular designer can appeal to no taste of any value, education, or dignity. Nay, its republication is a positive act of hostility against all that is done by societies and committees in the cause of a better, a graver, and a simpler art. While siege is laid to the dismal castle of ignorant and common bad taste by a score of energetic and responsible captains of education, behold this unexpected sally-port set open, and a sortie from within! For thus does this reproduction appear to us. The organised attack of present educators is taken in flank; with what success we cannot well foresee. But certain it is that exhibitions at the Whitechapel Gallery are as it were defied by the reissue of Doré. It is now some fifty years, or nearly, since this showy and paltry French designer undertook English literature—the English Bible, Milton, Tennyson. Ruskin denounced him, but an uncertain admiration and love of novelty was excited throughout the country. Doré's "Paradise Lost," Doré's Bible were praised by the reviewers. Old numbers of serious papers and magazines will be found full of respectful appreciation. Doré was considered to have so co-operated with his authors that "Elaine" was as much his as the Laureate's. Although it had not long been the possession of the English reader, he was willing to share his gratitude for that lovely poem between Tennyson and Doré, so unequally that "Have you seen Doré's 'Elaine'?" was the question of a year. The designs for "Paradise Lost" are but a slightly superior kind of Christmas card, if the figures are judged in their character and form; true, there are multitudes and there are skies, but there is no imagination.

"English Table-Glass," by Percy Bate, published by George Newnes, Limited, is one of the many instances of specialising that distinguish the modern collector, for it is confined, as the title hints, to a study of wine-glasses, goblets, and the like; made in England, with the exception of one chapter, that touches upon English glass candlesticks, sweetmeat-glasses, bells, etc. Until the reader has looked upon the seventy-seven charming plates of illustrations, he is not likely to have the least idea how beautiful are many of the old English glasses, the oldest of them going no further than the reign of the so-called good Queen Bess. Collections are made with difficulty. Specimens are brittle, as brittle as dicers' oaths or statesmen's reputations, yet with the aid of the book one is able to trace in a series of logically categorised examples the development of a very pretty branch of art. The book, of course, contains its warning against forgeries, though it does not speak sufficiently about prices to show that the forgers play a very lucrative game. Still, seeing that the objects, on the whole, are handwork, the forger's task is comparatively easy, and though some hints are given for the detection of impostures, it may be noted that in most instances "the cultured eye and the connoisseur's instinct are the only safe guide," a proposition rather formidable to the would-be beginner. It appears, however, that by diligent inquiry in country inns one may pick up a few specimens at rather lower prices than are charged in the ordinary curiosity-shops, particularly so far as beer-glasses are concerned; and yet it must be admitted that even the country beer has caused too many good fellows to put down their glasses with an irresistible bang. A very noteworthy and pretty feature of the old glasses consists of the elaborate engravings of mottoes, pictures, coats-of-arms, and the like, which in our days seems to be out of vogue, possibly because in the superior splendour of modern entertainment the old rule about "more than the Graces and less than the Muses" has been abandoned, and so we go in for glass of superb "metal" and neglect the old-fashioned charms.

OUT OF HARNESS: THE DISTINGUISHED EX-VICEROY OF INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.



GEORGE NATHANIEL, LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON, VICEROY OF INDIA FROM 1899; RESIGNED AUGUST 12, 1905.

George Nathaniel Curzon, eldest son of the Rev. A. N. H. Curzon, fourth Baron Scarsdale, was born on January 11, 1859, at Kedleston, from which he takes his territorial title. He was one of that brilliant group of Fowett's pupils whose promise was such that the Master prophesied that the world would one day be governed by Balliol men—a forecast which has come very near fulfilment. Among his earlier distinctions was that of inspiring the best-known of the famous Balliol rhymes: "My name is George Nathaniel Curzon; I am a most superior person. My coat is good, My hair is sleek, I dine at Blenheim once a week." He took the Arnold and Lowthian Essays, was elected Fellow of All Souls' in 1883, and Honorary D.C.L. in 1904. He was Assistant Private Secretary to the late Lord Salisbury, and before taking office in India he held the Foreign and Indian Under-Secretaryships.

LORD CURZON'S RESIGNATION: SCENES OF HIS TENURE OF THE VICEROYALTY OF INDIA.



LORD CURZON. LORD KITCHENER.

A PRELIMINARY TO THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: LORD CURZON AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT MAKING THEIR STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI, DECEMBER 20, 1902.

LORD CURZON AT THE IMPERIAL DURBAR, JANUARY 1, 1903: THE VICEROY'S ARRIVAL IN THE ARMA AT DELHI.

THE STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI FOR THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: LORD AND LADY CURZON MOUNTING THEIR ELEPHANTS AT THE RAILWAY STATION, DELHI.

THE DURBAR BALL: LORD CURZON AND THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT IN THE STATE LANCERS.

LORD CURZON HOLDING A GRAND CHAPTER OF THE ORDERS OF THE STAR OF INDIA AND THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

THE REVIEW OF NATIVE CHIEFS' RETAINERS AT THE DURBAR: THE GOLD GUN OF BARODA PASSING BEFORE THE VICEROY.

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: THE EARL OF MINTO.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRESS PHOTO. AGENCY.

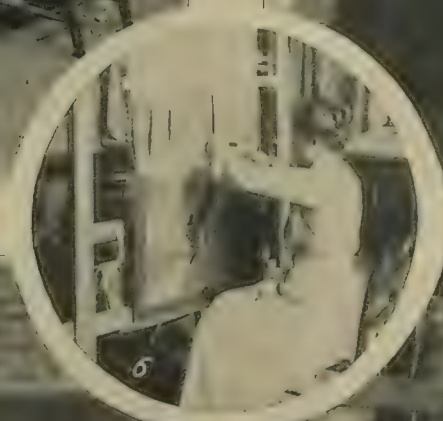


LORD CURZON'S SUCCESSOR: GILBERT JOHN ELLIOT, FOURTH EARL OF MINTO, P.C., G.C.M.G.

Lord Minto is the great-grandson of that Lord Minto who was Viceroy of India from 1807 to 1813. The present Earl was born on July 9, 1845, and succeeded to the title in 1891. From Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, he went to the Scots Guards, and served in the Afghan War of 1879. In 1881 he was Lord Roberts's Private Secretary in South Africa; he has also served in Egypt. From 1883 to 1885 he was Military Secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, and in 1898 he was himself appointed Governor-General. He received the Prince and Princess of Wales in Canada, and will entertain them again in India.

THE REVIVAL OF HANDICRAFTS IN SURREY: ARTISTIC INDUSTRIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. H. PARK.



1. HAND-MADE FURNITURE.

2. THE POTTER AT WORK ON A VASE SIMILAR TO THOSE SHOWN FINISHED ON THE TABLE.

3. A SCREEN WROUGHT BY THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH: THE OUTER FRAMEWORK IS OF WROUGHT IRON; THE CENTRE DESIGN, GOLD AND COPPER THREAD INTERWOVEN.

4. MAKING WOOLLEN RUGS BY HAND AND SPINNING THE THREAD FOR THE FABRICS.

5. SPINNING COTTON FROM RAW FLAX FOR THE FABRICS SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND.

7. BOOKBINDING.

6. CARPET-WEAVING: A LANDSCAPE DESIGN.

8. THE HAND-LOOM FOR WOOLLEN CARPETS.

In the School Hall, Haslemere, there was opened on August 16 a most interesting exhibition of handicraft, resulting from an anti-machinery movement that has been on foot for some time in the county. Several flourishing industries, that would have delighted Mr. Ruskin's heart, are now established in the neighbourhood. The craftsman as artist, it would seem, may come to his own again.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF ROME: A NIGHT SHELTER IN THE STREETS.

DRAWN BY ALFREDO BEA, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



THE LACK OF ACCOMMODATION FOR THE POOR OF ROME: A RESULT OF THE SLUM LANDLORD'S OPPRESSION.

At the present time in Rome many houses in the poorer quarters have become practically uninhabitable, but this has not prevented the slum landlords from raising rents to a prohibitive figure. The result is that many poor people have been driven into the streets, and many wretched families have encamped with their belongings under the long roof of the old market in the Piazza dei Cerchi, the very site of the ancient Circus Maximus. The scene has aroused the pity of the tourists who pass it on their way to the Via Appia.

CAN THE CHEMIST PRODUCE LIFE? FURTHER EXPERIMENTS IN SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EXPERIMENTER, DR. CHARLES LITTLEFIELD.—(SEE ARTICLE.)



1. PROCESS OF CELL-MULTIPLICATION: LIFE-FORMS DEVELOPED FROM INORGANIC SUBSTANCES.
 3. FISH FORM DEVELOPED BY DR. LITTLEFIELD'S EXPERIMENTS IN OBTAINING LIFE.
 5. CHEMICALLY DEVELOPED FRESH-WATER SHELL FORM.

2. MINUTE CELLS DEVELOPING IN CRYSTALS.
 4. REPTILE FORM WHICH RESULTED FROM THE CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS IN LIFE-PRODUCTION.
 6. THE OCTOPUS-LIKE ORGANISM RESULTING FROM ONE EXPERIMENT.

Dr. Littlefield, an enthusiastic American supporter of Bastian's theory that spontaneous generation is possible, has been making experiments in the production of life-forms by chemical combination. The principle upon which he proceeded is that in the grouping of mineral compounds and the environment lies the first cause of all physical phenomena in the organic kingdoms of nature. Mr. J. Butler Burke, whose experiments were recently described, discovered what he believed to be spontaneously generated forms in bouillon exposed to the action of radium. Dr. Littlefield's method is different. He believes that the structures and vitality of the organs of the body are dependent upon certain necessary quantities and apportionments of its inorganic constituents. These proportions he discovers from the ashes of any body, and he then attempts an artificial combination of similar constituents.

THE NORWEGIAN REFERENDUM: THE OVERWHELMING SANCTION OF SEPARATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARMAND, CHRISTIANIA.



DURING THE VOTING: THE CROWD IN THE SQUARE OF AKERHUS FORTRESS, CHRISTIANIA.



NATIONAL SONGS AT THE UNIVERSITY, CHRISTIANIA: CROWD LISTENING TO THE STUDENTS' AND MERCHANTS' SINGING CLUBS.

On the day when the referendum was taken the students' and merchants' singing clubs sang the Norwegian national songs before a great audience in front of the Hall of the University. The singers were in the portico to the right. On the left is the statue of Professor Schweigaard, the eminent jurist and politician.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE HOTEL ST. REGIS, NEW YORK.

PERFECT COMFORT TO BE HAD WITHIN ITS BEAUTIFUL WALLS WITHOUT EXORBITANT PRICES.

some time hence—far enough removed to give the proper perspective—when the historian of social development in America comes to the year 1904 and the opening of the St. Regis Hotel, he will start a new page, or, if he knows his business, dignify it with a separate chapter. Perhaps a footnote at the bottom of the page will recall to the reader Proprietor Haan's unique victory over calumny; perhaps, in view of the numerous apologies rendered from various quarters, it will not be considered worth mention. Certainly, however, the historian will dwell at length on the fact that, without increasing its rates over any other first-class hotel or restaurant, the St. Regis introduced a new note in hotel-keeping in that it blended in a desirable degree the best public convenience with the comforts of home life.

To the second casual observer this may not seem so important as the development of the turbine-engine or the discovery of wireless telegraphy; but when we consider the multitude with good homes who frequently travel, or who close their homes for a week or a month and live at hotels; when we only think of the masses who dine out because "Biddy" has her day off or is on a strike, the St. Regis comes near to conferring a direct boon on humanity in New York. If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, the way to his peace of mind is surely through his surrounding comforts.

And right here it is necessary to say, in case a suspicion to the contrary still lingers in the reader's mind, that with the greatest merits the prices of the St. Regis Hotel and restaurant are no higher than any other first-class institution, just as the sceptic has long been convinced that the hotel is run on American principles, and that there is a welcome in it for any genuine guest who can pay his fair reckoning. Nor is it necessary to give larger fees to the attendants than elsewhere. To come to figures, you can get a room with bath for five dollars per day, and you would have to pay at least as much for the same accommodations in any of the first-class New York hotels.

Continuing on the lines which the social historian would probably pursue, I would dwell longest on the note of æsthetic refinement, which in the St. Regis is introduced for the first time, even though the manifold improvements in cleanliness, hygiene, and the general science of hotel-keeping ought not to be relegated to a second rank of importance, especially as in this hotel they go hand in hand. In their æsthetic mission hotels heretofore have figured so mildly that the St. Regis stands out pre-eminently. Elegance, of course, there always was; comfort there was, but little or no note of individuality—certainly none outside of the public rooms. The manager ordered his beds, carpets, dressers, chairs, etc., by the dozen—handsome articles they mostly were, but machine-made and monotonous. To a mind sensitive to such matters the effect was kin to that on beholding your sweetheart decked with a ready-made dress, which could be duplicated in many stores. We all know—men and women alike—how much more appreciated is the note of individuality and a refined discriminating taste in such matters.

Of what does refinement consist applied to a hotel? Unless you have made a study of it you cannot define it. It is a most elusive quality, for should it obtrude itself the result would be apt to border on vulgarity or become a mere display of lavish expenditure. As you enter the 18-storey structure by its bronze-framed doors you recognise in a vague way the æsthetic cause by the vision of cameo-work marble instead of the usual machine-made production; in a sense you realise that the pleasing *ensemble* is due to the statuary, and that the heavy Kurdish rug and other features contribute, just as on the upper floors the gold-plated door plates superseding the customary brass production bear a share in the effect of the whole; but you cannot dissect the pervading atmosphere of culture. Yet these effects were carefully studied, and, to give an idea of the thought devoted to the subject, it should be mentioned that Mr. Haan made special tours abroad for the purpose of collecting some of the

art objects and bric-à-brac that are so generously distributed in seemingly unstudied manner.

Enter the dining-room or the palm-room with R. V. V. Sewell's decorative panels of "Cupid and Psyche"; or the connecting café—panelled throughout in quartered English oak; or else, if you prefer, ascend to the second floor, to library, public apartments, and the wonderful banquet-hall—lined with polished Vermont marble—and you will immediately feel at home. Is it due to the harmony of fittings and furnishings, or is it, perchance, a well-filled case of bric-à-brac, containing here a piece of Royal Dresden or Sèvres, there a cloisonné vase of silver or gold, a Pompeian vessel, an antique carving, a piece of bisque,

appreciated the worth of the hotel and restaurant and its reasonable prices long before the newspapers' compunctious retractions. In tribute to Mr. Haan, let us remember that the policy of the St. Regis has undergone no change since its opening day; it was rather the mountain that had to come to Mahomet, wary at first, but as well try to keep the rain in the heavens as the American public from where it can dine well and be comfortable at reasonable charges.

Turning from the æsthetic features to the utilitarian, we find that the science has anticipated hotel-keeping by several years. To describe the kitchen of white tile and glass top counters and tables, with its vast series of improved machinery, is not within the purport of this article; suffice to say that Mr. Haan's motto—and perhaps the keynote of his success—"If the kitchen is wrong all is wrong," has brought about a food-producing place unequalled in the world. The soup-cook, roast-cook, fish-cook, and the pastry-cook each has his headquarters and his staff of assistants. No wood has been employed, thus insuring absolute cleanliness. As part of the kitchen service, every floor of the hotel has its service-pantry, thus enabling the guests to dine as comfortably in their rooms as in the dining-room below. These pantries are provided with warming-closets, refrigerators, etc. Another important feature is the wine-cellar, and side by side with the rarest vintages the ordinary claret at one dollar or so a bottle receives as careful attention.

Let me not forget to mention one of the great luxuries of the St. Regis one that remains invisible, but, nevertheless, makes its presence most beneficially felt—the arrangement for supplying pure air throughout the house. It is safe to say that no hotel, heretofore, has considered the health of its patrons to the extent of arranging a set of cheese-cloth filters at intervals from the bottom to the top of the building, so that the air may become rarefied and pure. Blessing as this is, Prince Bountiful, however, has gone still further, and by an ingenious arrangement of pipes the purified air passes from the filters to an apparatus which moistens or dries it to suit the weather, and cools or warms it to suit the season. Paradoxically, you close your windows to ventilate your rooms, for the air enters the various apartments through unobtrusive gratings, often concealed in the ornamental bronze works or decorations. That this filtered air is no mean advantage is demonstrated by the fact that the dusty combings fill about a barrel a day. Truly science is great in its applications to promote health and comfort. As yet, as mentioned, I believe the St. Regis is

the only hotel structure furnished with this arrangement, but before long it will probably be generally introduced, for the guest has only to turn the dial in his room to hot or cold, dry or damp, to be supplied according to his liking.

With such arrangement one would suppose that the duster and sweeper could safely be relegated to oblivion, but as an object-lesson of the amount of dust of which we all become the unwilling common carriers on our shoes and clothing, let it be stated that daily cleanings are yet in vogue at the St. Regis. Only the chambermaid does not disturb your sweetest morning winks with the horror known as the patent sweeper out in the hall before your door, nor does she come with the linen rag and duster to merely give the dust particles an excursion around your room; she attaches a hose to the vacuum pipe which is connected with a suction-pump, and presto! all the dust in the neighbourhood rushes into the receptacle far down in the basement like iron filings to a magnet.

I merely mention these two features by way of example. Throughout the house the smaller necessities of ease and comfort have received attention as well as the large requirements, and foresight, good taste, and Mr. Haan's experience have produced a veritable marvel in the St. Regis Hotel.

[Reprinted from the Buffalo "Illustrated Times," May 14, 1905.]



THE HOTEL ST. REGIS, ON FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

a Venetian glass, or what not? Throughout the house, whether in the social halls, the sixty salons, or in the most modest bed-room, you will admire here a glorious sixteenth-century tapestry, there a piece of furniture, and so on. Every salon has a Steinway piano, and everywhere we note that the management has approached the situation from the point of view of a gentleman catering to the comforts of his gentleman and lady guests, and the invisible sign of "Welcome, make yourself at home," is omnipresent.

The far-famed state apartments, after all, are only the final key of the symphony which has been played throughout the St. Regis. And why should there not be a luxurious suite where the city may house an honoured visitor or where an exacting private individual may indulge his taste for luxury and comfort? Our attitude towards it ought to be one of pride, as much so as toward our superior office buildings, our commercial supremacy, and what not. Suffice to say that the famous bed of tulip-wood did not cost 10,000 dollars, that throughout the five rooms the dollar sign has been well subordinated to elegance. If this apartment (two bed-rooms, reception-room, dining-room, salon, and bath-room) was the principal target for the many silly witticisms, it was also the peg for the ensuing apologies, although the disinterested observer cannot reflect without a grain of satisfaction that the general public

LADIES' PAGE.

As the great servant difficulty has become most acute in America, it is reasonable that the first serious effort should be made to deal with it there. Groups of women in New York, Boston, and Phil-



AN ORIGINAL TEA-GOWN.

White chiffon falling in soft folds from the throat is adorned with a cape-collar made of ruchings of narrow lace, and finished with long ends of velvet ribbon.

adelphia have been considering the matter for the past two years under the name of "The Intermunicipal Association for Household Study." Now, the "Industrial Committee of the Federation of Women's Clubs" of America are about to take up the same problem. Also it is characteristic of America that it should be approached as far as possible in a spirit of scientific study; two of its Universities have chairs of "Domestic Science." Whether the problem can be solved in that way is doubtful all the same. Though a Professor or a Committee may see exactly what is wrong and may endeavour to place clearly before the world how it could be set right, the practical application of their conclusions must depend on hundreds of thousands of individuals who may neither be willing to hear nor to act on the suggestions made. Still, any serious effort to diminish the difficulty of finding labour for domestic work deserves sympathy. The happiness of home is gravely affected by the present state of affairs.

Such is the dearth of domestic labour that any girl, however lacking in capacity, and without good references as to her skill and even as to her respectability of conduct, can find admission to a household. Mrs. Booth recently explained that it is the employers who must have the best of characters to stand any chance of getting the privilege of admitting to their homes, in close contact with their young children, the women of bad antecedents whom the Salvation Army has rescued, for there are mistresses nine deep applying for these girls' services. Another reliable person states that there are thousands of houses standing empty in the better-class districts of London simply because they were built with basements, and servants will not now submit to live in kitchens that are not on the same level with the dining-room and the hall door. At the same time, societies for the employment of women are asking for money to help their efforts to find other fields of labour for the very persons who will not learn and carry out the duties of the household. Domestic wages, in money and kind, are really considerably higher than those earned by many men who do very hard work. Yet with all this it is often impossible to get any sort of working woman in the house. To ask for a thoroughly competent, industrious, civil, sober, and respectable one shows great hopefulness on the part of a mistress who cannot pay very high wages for very light duties.

It seems of little use to discuss how to make servants more capable while the demand for any sort of help in the household is so great and so unsupplied that every utterly incompetent, idle, and even disreputable girl who professes herself ready to go to

a place is sure of instantly finding one open. That is just what makes the trouble. The employer's only hold over the employed in a free state is the threat of dismissal; as matters stand, it is the so-called mistress who is afraid of being "dismissed," and so becomes the slave of the situation. A servant will not brook discipline, and will not learn and improve, because she knows that she has only to walk out of that house and into another. Any advice about or criticism of the cooking, a check to wilful wastefulness, or a request for an improvement in any direction is sure to be answered with a saucy "Well, Mum, as I don't seem to suit you, I'll leave this day month—or directly, if you like!" How can a clever housekeeper under these conditions have her home what she wishes? It is making bricks without straw, that is the task of us mistresses of homes to-day. There is no employment for men that is in the same position of scarcity of labour. But how far is it our own fault, and how far is it the fault of the inevitable conditions of the avocation, that so few girls of ability and of respectable family and good character will enter into this employment? That is precisely the question that thinking women ought to try to solve. This is where the American women may help us when they report.

I am inclined to fear that it is in part conditions that cannot be amended that are at the root of the difficulty. In no other avocation is the labourer required to become a part of the household, and therefore in no other has the employer any real responsibility for the private conduct and even the very appearance of the servant. A domestic servant so far affects the character of her employer's household by her manners and her appearance that it is inevitable that the mistress should exercise some control over her dress, her manners, her friendships (if her friends are to visit her), and her hours. This is all contrary to the democratic spirit of the time, which affects working girls in the choice of their occupation as it affects everybody else. Then, in no other occupation is the galling contrast between social ranks brought home so closely as between mistress and maid. Another trying condition that cannot be helped is the necessity for very long hours and constant being "on duty," even if not actually at work, for nearly all the waking day. If the out-door workers are to have breakfast got ready before nine a.m. and dinner after seven p.m.—and they must, of course—what time is left for the off-duty period of the domestic worker? Add to this the monotony of the daily routine and the fact that it is real hard work except in the houses of the rich, where many hands make it light (and the rich have no difficulty in getting their servants—it is from the middle-class matron of small means that the bitter cry is heard); and it is clear that the conditions of the employment are such as to affect it unfavourably, no matter what any individual mistress may do to try to alleviate them. Thence comes the scarcity of workers, girls preferring other occupations that perhaps a clear judgment might show to be, on the whole, less desirable, but that do not so apparently irritate the workers as to hinder "recruiting."

Among the points that might be amended, I would place in the forefront the lack of training now given, or indeed available, for domestic service. Any worker who does his task incompetently is thereby foredoomed to be himself unhappy. The constant friction with employers and the ceaseless failure in producing the result required means discontent with the life. Take the fine art of cooking: a cook who can turn out one dainty and delicious dish after another has a pleasure in her work; but one whose dishes are barely eatable at the best, and frequently mere spoiling of good food, is thereby made to be a surly, dissatisfied being. But where can a girl who wants to be a good cook go to learn her trade? To do them justice, many of them are willing to learn. But they cannot go anywhere to learn and practice, even if they would. Some mistresses could and would teach, if girls were willing to have no wages, or very low ones, while they are being taught, and spoiling material in the process, as every apprentice must. A boy who is going to be an engineer or a carpenter or a printer or what not does not expect the wages of a man skilled at the trade; he knows that he has to work for next to no wages for a time till he gets to be worth something as a producer. A man cook, too, is as a young lad duly apprenticed to a chef and works for no wage until he is worth something. But a girl is supposed to cook and clean by the light of nature, and so mistresses have no inducement in the form of low wages to put up with and to train the unskilled, but all try to get a ready-trained worker. Then there is no provision for outside training at all adequate to the need. We shall see in due time what the American women can suggest in this line.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning is admitted to be the greatest poet amongst English women poets up to the present. This makes it an interesting fact that the expiry of the copyright of her greatest work, "Aurora Leigh," has resulted in the publication of a sixpenny edition. The lack of cheap editions of Mrs. Browning's copyright works is peculiar. Her husband, who became the legal owner of her copyrights, was always counted as the most enthusiastic of her admirers, but it was remarkable that Mr. Browning would not give permission for the inclusion of any of his wife's poems in anthologies or books of selections, thus evidently greatly obstructing the popular knowledge of her work. Even for a volume in which something of hers was so clearly desirable as a book on the Poetry of Women, published by the late Professor Minto, permission could not be obtained, as he told me himself, for the inclusion of any specimen of the work of

our greatest poetess. When perpetual copyright is advocated, it has to be remembered that, were such granted, the public that cannot pay high prices for books might never be able to read the works of some valuable writers.

Furs are, in fact, strange though it may appear, the first of the autumn's dress goods to be ready. The styles in this direction are fixed sooner than any other. There will be no great change in the styles, except as regards the sleeves. As it is expected that the sleeves of gowns are to be big at the top next winter, the small topped coat-sleeves of last winter will be very inconvenient in fur coats; and it is in prevision of this that the furriers are making the wide sleeves that the new coats display. The full shape right down to the wrist is much used; but the real point is the setting in at the shoulders very wide, and last winter's coats will need to be altered in this respect to be either up to date or comfortable, for full tops to the sleeves of dresses seem to be assured. Furs continue to increase in price, and sable ranks with diamonds as a luxury, while what once were considered common furs, such as squirrel, have mounted in price in proportion.

Moleskins will continue to be used next winter, and will be especially employed to make long "sling" ties, to be worn with one end thrown over the left shoulder after passing round the throat, the other end falling down the front, just as ostrich and other feather boas were worn in the summer. This is a passing fancy, as a long end of fur hanging down the back is useless, but it is going to be fashionable. The most useful fur that will be obtainable at a reasonable price is caracul; we must not inquire too closely as to the original wearer of much of the fur that will be used under that name. It is warm and not unbecoming, but the real charm of a fur is its softness, and that caracul lacks. Both for the cosy comfort of burying one's chin and hands in its folds, and for the softening effect on the face, a more costly fur is greatly to be preferred. Chinchilla is delightfully soft and becoming, but it is the most perishable of all furs. Sable is, of course, in beauty as in value, the chief of them all, and it is a life-long possession; but even a moderate-sized tie of it is worth somewhere in the neighbourhood of a hundred pounds at present—well-marked Russian sable, that is to say; and even the less desirable Canadian variety, and the near but humbler relation, mink, are at a very high price. Caracul and sealskin are to be trimmed this winter with passementerie and embroidery and finished with lace ruffles. Two furs will be mixed on a garment freely, and some kinds are best value when



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so used in limited quantities; ermine, for instance, is an excellent trimming to a sable or chinchilla cape, while by itself it always strikes me as having a hard effect. Amongst the more moderate priced furs a becoming one is white fox, which has so deep a pile that there is none of the hard effect of the shorter and stiffer hairs of ermine, and of this fur, as it is very fashionable, women whose complexion is suited by white may well take notice in purchasing.—FILOMENA.



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ART NOTES.

Mr. Simeon Solomon's death in St. Giles's Workhouse leads us to say that although his art was essentially uncommercial, it would have been well able to give the means of livelihood to the artist had he been of normal temperament and reasonable habits. But this great artist did not possess the art of living. For twenty years life had been a struggle, and it is even doubtful if the attempt at its alleviation by friends and admirers made it easier for Mr. Solomon to meet or to endure his doom. His work was charged with the suggestion of an overstrained emotional capacity; and certainly in life Simeon Solomon was without that comfortable insensitiveness which leads along the happy middle way. The tragedy is not exhausted in the language of the daily paper which sorrows over the fact that one who exhibited at the Royal Academy should die in a workhouse.

A friend of Burne-Jones and Rossetti, Simeon Solomon was watched by the interested eyes of many great men during the earlier days of his career and during the 'sixties. Lady Burne-Jones has recorded her husband's admiration for his work: "I remember his telling me before we were married about a book filled with Solomon's designs, which he said were as imaginative as anything he had ever seen—here was the rising genius—to which I listened with a jealous pang! This artist afterwards became a friend of mine, as well as Edward's, and the tragedy of his broken career is one before which I am dumb; but all the more do I cling to recollections of hope and promise, surely not false, though unfulfilled in this



A VIEW FROM THE SCHNEEBERG.



CELEBRATING THE EMPEROR FRANCIS I.'S ASCENT OF THE SCHNEEBERG.

COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY OF AN IMPERIAL MOUNTAIN ASCENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCHUHMAN.

The Schneeberg was first climbed and its height ascertained on August 5, 1805. On the 10th of the same month the Emperor Francis I. also made the ascent, and the event was commemorated by a monument, round which the Austrian Tourist Club assembled this month to celebrate the centenary of the Imperial visit.

world." The sweetness and sanity that never fails the biographer of Burne-Jones is apparent in the little sentence which best suffices for his obituary record.

At Leighton House, among the many works by G. F. Watts on view there, is a curious example of such painting as he did in the year 1834. It has this surprising interest—that it seems to be totally lacking in all promise. The artist who came to be regarded by many as the first painter of England's Victorian era might

easily have been advised on the strength—or weakness—of this work to abandon his brushes. The small portrait, closely painted, of Mr. Richard Edmonds is typical of thousands of diminutive paintings of men of that date—eminently sober in subject and technique. The superior lodging-houses of England are eternally tenanted by them.

Falmouth, besides being the "fine town" that Mr. Henley sings, is become a haunt of artists. Mr. Tuke, perched on his cliff above Swan Pool, is set in his own "August Blue," and looks down into a little cove where, in the clear water, disporting bathers recall the many scenes by which summer visitors to the Royal Academy are reminded of what is exhilarating and cool. Mr. Tuke has a mantelshelf crowned with the silver cups he has won by successful racing in his sailing-boat; and in Falmouth Harbour is to be seen the trim little craft of another Associate of the Royal Academy, Mr. Napier Hemy, with its little deck-cabin fitted up as a studio. This is not a boat of pleasure only, but of stern business. It has its victories no less renowned, when the picture season comes round, than those which, in another department, its great neighbour, the *Circe*, may one day be called upon to perform in the line of battle.

W. M.

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KING OF CORPULENCE CURES.

The extraordinary demand for Antipon in every civilised country in the world points significantly to the fact that prior to the discovery of this wonderful specific for the permanent cure of obesity there can have been no remedy which was ever really successful in coping with the dreaded condition of excessive stoutness. Remedies, so-called, have existed from time immemorial, but in most cases they were worse than the disease they were intended to cure. It is appalling to think how many thousands of sound constitutions have been ruined by the old-time methods of reducing weight by half starving the body and poisoning it at the same time with mineral drugs and other injurious substances. The world may thank—and *does* thank—the discoverers of the pleasant, harmless, and always reliable Antipon treatment for putting an end to that sacrifice of health and strength. That the world is grateful may be seen by the countless letters from men and women in every quarter of the globe who have written to thank the Antipon Company for the marvellous benefits resulting from a course of Antipon. It is not merely as a sure reducer of weight that Antipon has been so remarkably successful; it is the grand tonic effect it has upon the whole system, increasing strength and vitality, which has made it the king of corpulence cures. Antipon promotes appetite and tones up the digestive system, and as there is no reason to stint the supply of wholesome nourishment during or after the course of treatment, it stands to reason that the subject gets daily stronger and more energetic. An active life becomes once more a stimulus and a pleasure; and increased muscular development, greater nerve-power and brain-force make both work and outdoor recreation delightful. Antipon reduces weight from the beginning. Within a day and a night of first dose something between 8 oz. and 3 lb. (according to the individual case) will be lost, and this will be followed by a sure and steady daily decrease until normal weight and graceful proportions are restored. The limbs will become firm and shapely, the double chin will subside—briefly, every part of the body will be benefited. Another thing to be considered is the removal of the dangerous growths of fat which weaken the action of the vital organs, causing weak heart, palpitation, feeble circulation, fainting, difficult breathing, and other alarming symptoms. During a short course of Antipon these troubles will completely disappear, and the subject will grow younger in appearance and vigour and brightness every day. When satisfactory proportions are restored the doses need not be kept up, the cure being lasting. Truly, no stout person should fail to give Antipon a chance, however persistent and excessive the stoutness may be.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c., or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—

The ANTIPON COMPANY, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay.

"Dear Sir,—Please send me a large bottle of Antipon. . . . When I started Antipon I was 246 lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61½ lb.), for I only weigh 184½ lb. I now can take four-mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is quite tightened, and not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have no fear of eating anything, and have never restricted myself in any form of diet.

(Mrs.) "F. M. S."

An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes: "I am trying it (Antipon) in a serious case of a man weighing sixteen stone, short, and with heart affection. He already has lost three stone."

Hundreds of other testimonials equally noteworthy are filed for reference at the offices of the Antipon Company.

LADY'S PICTORIAL

SAYS:

To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful fat absorbent Antipon performs this work promptly safely and with permanent effect.

The Daily Mirror

SAYS:

"An agreeable tonic—liquid composed solely of harmless herbs. It (Antipon) effects a rapid reduction from the very first without any inconvenience to the person under treatment."

Colonial Readers of "The Illustrated London News" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, India, &c. and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Stores.

Mennen's
Toilet Powder
FOR
INFANTS & ADULTS

MENNEN'S is the finest, purest antiseptic powder for dusting baby after bath and for ladies' toilet. Instantly relieves all skin troubles caused by fevers, illness, or weather, and is the best of all foot powders. For chafing and rubbed skin unexcelled. 1/- of all Chemists, or free sample from—
LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., London, E.C.

Judge for Yourself!

1865 *"There can be no two opinions, -*
"CRAVEN MIXTURE" 1905
maintains its forty years' reputation for superior quality, perfect aroma, and universal popularity."

ASK FOR MILD AND EXTRA MILD.

J. M. BARRIE says:
"What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture, and no other."

ASK EVERYWHERE FOR THE
"No. 4711"
BRAND OF GENUINE
EAU DE COLOGNE

NOTHING HALF SO SWEET.

CAUTION.
None genuine without the figures
"4711" on blue and Gold Label.
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PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEES

SHAPED TO WIND ON SPIRALLY FROM ANKLE TO KNEE WITHOUT ANY TURNS OR TWISTS.
Made in various qualities and colours. Shade Cards on application.

For Ladies and Children.
Light Weight. With Spats, 7/6 per pair. (Detachable 1/- extra.) Without Spats, 5/- per pair.
Send size of foot.

For Men.
With Spats, from 10/6 to 12/- per pair. Detachable, 1/- extra. (If detachable required, send size of foot). Without Spats, from 6/- to 7/6 per pr.

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ECCLESIASTICAL
NOTES.

The Bishop of Manchester's mission has made a profound impression in Lancashire. The newspapers reported the addresses and described the scenes on Black-pool sands while Dr. Knox was speaking. The mission was very well organised, six services being held each day on the shore. The Bishop travelled from service to service by electric tramcar. Dr. Knox was assisted by two of his suffragans and by many of the diocesan clergy. The men's meetings on Sundays at the Palace Theatre were especially successful, and it was with genuine regret that the townspeople and visitors saw the mission close last Thursday.

The Bishop of London returned to town in order to attend the funeral of his friend, the late Rev. W. H. Jervois. In the course of a brief memorial address, he said that Mr. Jervois had a true pastoral instinct. He was not only one of the best parish priests in the diocese, but a man also of good, sound, practical judgment, whose advice and opinion were sought and valued. The Bishop asked the prayers of the congregation for himself, that he might be guided to find the best successor to carry on Mr. Jervois's work at St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square.

The Rev. E. H. Mosse, Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, will be the first incumbent of the united benefice of St. Paul's and St. Michael's, Burleigh Street. The benefice of St. Michael has been vacant since the

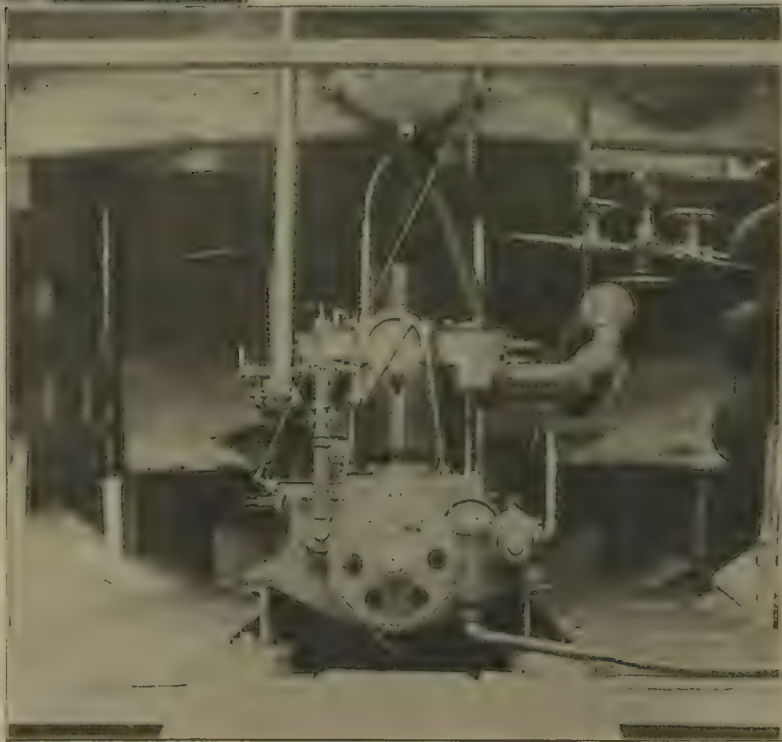


A BARGE DRIVEN BY COLONEL THOM'S METHOD.

GAS-DRIVEN CANAL BOATS: A NEW EXPERIMENT ON
BRIDGWATER CANAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.

Colonel R. Wilson Thom, of Southport, has invented a method of using compressed coal-gas as a motive force, thus reducing the cost of propulsion by one half. The Manchester Canal Company fitted up a sixty-ton barge with a two-cylinder Gardner high-speed gas-engine of 20 h.p. The gas is stored in twelve steel tubes, six on each side of the boat. Colonel Thom estimates that 200 cubic feet of gas will drive a sixty-ton barge for one hour at a speed of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour.



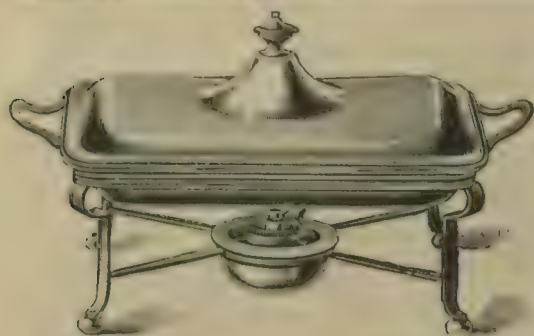
A GAS-ENGINE FOR CANAL BOATS.

Rev. A. J. Poynder was appointed to the Rectory of White-chapel in 1902. The furniture of St. Michael's is to be transferred to some church designated by the Bishop, and the parsonage will be used as a clergy-house for the assistant-curates of the united benefice. The church and its site will be sold.

There are few finer specimens of "muscular Christianity" than the Rev. E. J. Kennedy, Vicar of St. John's, Boscombe, yet he nearly lost his life this month by drowning. A Birmingham visitor was in difficulties in the water, and Mr. Kennedy went to his assistance, being followed by a young man named Orman, who was fully dressed. The waves separated the three men and washed Mr. Kennedy on to a sand-bank. He eventually got ashore, and the other men were rescued by a boat.

A leading official of the Salvation Army tells me that conspicuous friendliness has been shown to "General" Booth by Anglican clergy in the towns through which he has passed on his motor tour. There is, he thinks, a growing rapprochement between the Church and the Army, and he attributes this in part to the kindly interest shown in the venerable Salvationist leader by the King and Queen.

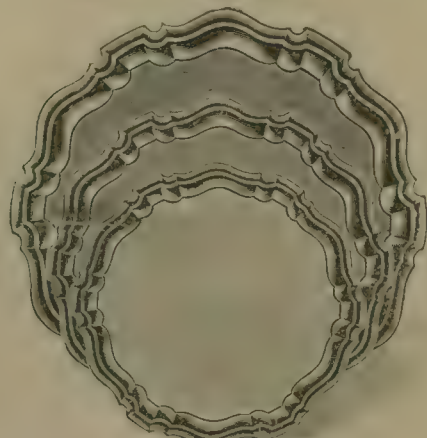
Dr. Horton, of Hampstead, completes his fiftieth year in September. At an unusually early age, he has attained the highest distinctions which Congregationalism and the Free Church Council can bestow. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him more than ten years ago by Yale College, where he delivered a course of lectures, afterwards published under the title "Verbum Dei." Large new premises are being erected at Lyndhurst Road, Hampstead, where Dr. Horton has ministered for close on twenty-five years.—V.

Oblong Breakfast Dish, 27 in. long, with loose inner dish.
Prince's Plate, £5 10s.; Sterling Silver, £15 5s.Fluted Cake Basket, 10 in. round.
Electro Plate, £1 1s.; Prince's Plate, £1 8s.;
Sterling Silver, £5 15s.Prince's Plate Revolving Soup Tureen, Fluted.
9 in., £5 10s.; 10 in., £6; 11 in., £7.

Mappin & Webb, Ltd., And Mappin Bros.

Sterling Silver, massive, fluted; Centre, 11 in. diameter, 8 in. high, £24.
Dessert Dish, 8 in. diameter, 5 in. high, £13 15s. each.

Payment by Instalments if desired.

Prince's Plate, £1 10s.
Sterling Silver, £5 5s.Prince's Plate Heating Stand, with Aluminium Top.
One Lamp.
15 in. by 11 in., £5 15s.

Chippendale Salvers with Fancy Borders.

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
6 in.,	£1 8 0	£2 2 0
8 "	1 13 0	3 14 0
10 "	2 0 0	5 15 0
12 "	2 12 0	8 8 0
14 "	3 5 0	12 0 0

Registered Design.
"James I." Entrée Dish, 11 in. long.
Prince's Plate, £3 5s.; Sterling Silver, £10 10s.LONDON
SHOW
ROOMS:158 to 162,
**OXFORD
STREET, W.**

Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

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**QUEEN VICTORIA
STREET, E.C.**MANCHESTER—
24-26, St. Ann's Square.NICE—
Place Jardin Public.JOHANNESBURG—
Public Library Buildings.PARIS—
23, Boulevard des Capucines.220,
**REGENT
STREET, W.**

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For Home Cleaning.
For Woodwork.
For Paintwork.
For Glassware.
For Crockery.
For Cutlery.

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CLEANSER



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VIM TOO DRY.**

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The name LEVER on VIM is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

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Use it Downstairs.
Use it on Shipboard.
Use it in Factory.
Use it at once.
Use it always.

THE
POLISHER

Lea and Perrins' Sauce.



BY ROYAL WARRANT
TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

The Original & Genuine
Worcestershire.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 13, 1894) of MR. WILLIAM SEVERIN SALTING, of 40, Berkeley Square, and Heath End, Ascot, who died on June 23, was proved on Aug. 9 by Mrs. Millicent Emily Salting, the widow, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £991,324. The testator gives £20,000, in trust, for his daughter, Lady Binning; £5,000 to his son-in-law, Lord Binning, and the residue of his property to his wife.

The will (dated March 1, 1892) of MR. WILLIAM WHITAKER, of Beaumont, Ripon, who died on May 17, has been proved by William Ernest Whitaker, the son, and the Rev. James William Geldart, the value of the real and personal estate being £131,885. The testator gives £2,000 to his son, William Ernest; £1,000 to his son, Arthur Marma-duke; £1,000 each to his daughters Caroline Edith Elizabeth and Helen Winifred; and £100 to the Rev. James William Geldart. One third of the residue of his property he leaves to each of his sons, and one third between his two daughters.

The will (dated March 10, 1904) of SIR PETER NICOL RUSSELL, of 66, Queenswood Terrace, Porchester Gate, who died on July 10, was proved on Aug. 4 by Dame Charlotte Russell, the widow, and George Robert Fife, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £98,648. The testator bequeaths £2,000 and £2,000 a year to his wife; £250 each to his executors; and during the life of his wife £250 per annum each to his sister and two nephews, William Reid Russell and Joseph Roberts. On her decease he gives £3,000 each to the Royal Alfred Hospital and the Engineering Association of New South Wales; £2,000 each to the Blind Institution, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, the Benevolent Institution, and the Female Refuge, and £1,000 to the Female School of Industry, all

of Sydney; and £5,000 each to his said two nephews. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will of MR. JOHN INNES, of the Manor House, Merton, Surrey, who died on Aug. 8, 1904, was proved on the 11th inst. by Charles Clare Scott, Frederick George Courthope, and William Ernest Reid Innes, the value of the estate being £338,026. The testator

a Horticultural College, or a Public Museum, and recreation grounds.

The will of LADY MARY FRANCES EGERTON, of Mountsfield Court, Sussex, a daughter of the second Earl Manvers and widow of Edward C. Egerton, M.P., who died on June 6, has been proved by Hugh Edward Egerton, the son, and Mrs. Mary Alice Towers, the daughter, the value of the property being £24,689. The testatrix gives £3,000 to her son Charles Augustus; the balance at her bankers and £500 to her unmarried daughters; the household furniture to her daughters, Mary Alice, Georgina, and Charlotte; and a few small legacies. The residue she leaves to her children.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1904), with a codicil, of MR. WILLIAM STOBART, of Pepper Arden, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, who died on June 23, was proved on Aug. 15 by Frank Stobart and Henry Gervas Stobart, the sons, and Matthew William Parrington, the value of the estate amounting to £218,422. The testator gives 600 preference shares in the Wearmouth Coal Company to his grandson, James Douglas Stobart; 2400 of such shares, in trust, for the four daughters of his son, Douglas Wyld; and small legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his five sons Douglas Wyld, Frank, Henry Gervas, Frederick William, and William Eden, his son Douglas to bring £30,000 into hotchpot.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1900), with two codicils, of MR. PETER FAHYAN SPARKS EVANS, of Trinmore, Clifton, and of Bristol, tanner, who died on July 19, was proved on Aug. 11 by Mrs. Jane Ferguson Evans, the widow, William Lavington Evans, Peter Frederick Sparks Evans, and Henley Sommerville Evans, the sons, and Frederick Augustus Jenkins, the executors, the value of the estate being £118,599. The testator bequeaths £2100, the income from £60,000, and the



FOR CHILDREN ONLY: THE NEW ENCLOSURE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.

His Majesty's Office of Works have reserved a part of St. James's Park for the use of children only, and a notice has been put up to that effect. The enclosure borders the Mall, and is nearly opposite Marlborough House.

gives £800 per annum to Jane Milne Innes while a spinster, and £300 per annum should she marry; £5,000 to Mrs. Agnes Morewood Ann Innes; an annuity of £400 to John Courthope; £1,000 each to his executors; £1,000 to Charley Barclay Innes; £2,000, in trust, for Mrs. Florence Hodge; £1,000 to Oliver Crockett; and many other legacies. The Manor House and the residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for

MR. PETER FAHYAN SPARKS EVANS, of Trinmore, Clifton, and of Bristol, tanner, who died on July 19, was proved on Aug. 11 by Mrs. Jane Ferguson Evans, the widow, William Lavington Evans, Peter Frederick Sparks Evans, and Henley Sommerville Evans, the sons, and Frederick Augustus Jenkins, the executors, the value of the estate being £118,599. The testator bequeaths £2100, the income from £60,000, and the

'ARGYLL' Motors

A GREAT BRITISH INDUSTRY.



The new Factories of "ARGYLL MOTORS," Limited, at Alexandria.
View of the 550ft. Office Frontage. The whole works cover 11 acres of floor space, mostly one storey construction.

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220 CARS, representing £90,000 IN MONEY and a capacity of 3,500 HORSE POWER during April, May, and June, 1905. 67 in April, 74 in May, 79 in June. The new factory now rapidly approaching completion will provide for AN OUTPUT OF 2,000 CARS PER ANNUM.

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£15 SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

IN GOLD.

The
"Evening Dress"
Watch.

Slim but Strong.
Dainty and Correct.

In 18-ct. Gold, as Illustration ... £15
Silver .. £5
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"EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED."

WATCHES CLOCKS & JEWELLERY
BY MONTHLY INSTALMENTS
CATALOGUE & FULL PARTICULARS
POST FREE FROM SIR JOHN BENNETT
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£5
IN SILVER.

COPE'S

"Bond of Union"

This fragrant and celebrated smoking mixture is the "friendly herb" in its choicest form.

There is a wide and growing brotherhood of smokers who have tried and been convinced that "Bond of Union" possesses charms that have been denied to other blends.

In packets and tins, of all tobacconists—Mild (high grade), 6d. per oz; Medium, 5d. per oz.



Facts about YOUR Skin

However delightful it is to sit by the waves or wander in leafy lanes, there are drawbacks to the enjoyment, and the holiday season is accompanied by many skin troubles. Insect bites are common, as are also chafed, red, rough, or scorched skin, sunburn, freckles, blisters, and many other minor skin ailments, for which cold cream and other similar preparations are frequently used. "Antexema" is rapidly superseding all such preparations because, whilst it is superior as regards soothing properties, it possesses healing virtues of the greatest possible value. Hence it is that those who value their appearance, and wish to have a successful remedy close at hand, make a point of keeping a bottle of "Antexema" on their dressing table.

It cannot be too often repeated that "Antexema" is a thoroughly genuine remedy, being the discovery of a well-known doctor, and it has twenty years' reputation behind it. It is a non-poisonous liquid, which, when applied to the affected part, forms an invisible coating over it, and enables a new and healthy skin to grow beneath it. "Antexema" is just as good for serious troubles, such as eczema, psoriasis, and nettlerash, as it is for slight troubles such as those discussed above, and the number of letters received, testifying to the wonderful cures "Antexema" has worked, is simply overwhelming.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 1/1½ and 2/9, or will be sent direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1/3 or 2/9. Read the revised and illustrated edition of our Family Handbook, "Skin Troubles," with every bottle, which you can have, together with free trial of "Antexema," and 200 testimonials from persons cured, if you mention the *Illustrated London News*, enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and send your letter to "Antexema," 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.



IZAL

1/-
Bottle
makes
20
Gals.

No household can afford to run the risk attending the neglect to disinfect. However much care is taken in cleaning there is always the danger of the presence of disease germs.

These germs can only be thoroughly eradicated by such a powerful Disinfectant as IZAL.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON'S book on the importance of keeping the home free from disease organisms will be sent free to all addressing a post-card to NEWTON, CHAMBERS, & CO., Ltd., Thorncliffe, near Sheffield. (Dept. 32.)

IZAL is non-poisonous, and very economical.

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Anywhere
6d.-1/- 2/6-4/6

Officially adopted by
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Best London Made.

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SWAN

THE KEY TO OPEN NEGOTIATIONS
& SIGN PEACE WILL PROBABLY BE

THE BEST OF THE BUNCH

THE CZAR.

Miss M. ORCHARD, Peterhof, Russia, writes:

"I received the 'Swan' Fountain Pens which their Majesties the Emperor and Empress desired to see. The Emperor has kept two pens, an ink-filler, and leather pocket. The others will be sent back by next week's messenger, and will be delivered to you on application at the Russian Embassy."

THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR.

His Excellency BARON HAYASHI.

"Warm thanks for your present of a 'Swan' Fountain Pen. I find it very useful and convenient while being engaged in the work at the Peace Conference."

Catalogue Free on Application.
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79 & 80, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.
93, CHEAP-SIDE, E.C.; 98a, Regent St., W., LONDON;
3, Exchange St., MANCHESTER
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MOCHA COFFEE.

This end possesses the true Arabian Mocha flavour hitherto unknown to the majority of Coffee drinkers in England.

Insist on your Grocer getting it for you, and trouble over the Coffee will never again enter your household.

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Is handsome Tins; look for the "FRENCHMAN" on every tin.

Wholesale only: 2, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

Say When,

its **J.R.D.**

The Choicest Product of Scotland.

household effects to his wife. Subject to the payment of a few small annuities, he leaves the residue of his property to his children.

The will (dated April 30, 1889), with a codicil, of MR. ROBERT PRYOR, of 5, Balfour Place, Park Lane, who died on July 4, was proved on Aug. 10 by Mrs. Matilda Pryor, the widow, the value of the estate being £77,949. The testator gives £2000 and the furniture and personal effects to his wife; and fifty £100 shares in Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., in trust, for his daughter, Phyllis Olive Barbara Pryor. All other his estate and effects he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life and then for his daughter.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1901) of LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR ROBERT ALFRED CUNLIFFE, BART., of Acton Park, Wrexham, and Sloane Street, who died on June 18, has been proved by Sir Foster Hugh Egerton Cunliffe, the son, and the Rev. Neville Egerton Leigh, the value of the estate being £63,088. The testator gives to his children, except an eldest son, such a sum as with what they receive from various settlements will make up £8000 each; £100 to the Rev. Neville E. Leigh, and the residue of his personal property to his son Foster. All his real estate is to follow the trusts of the settled family property.

The will (dated March 24, 1905) of MR. WILLIAM PAUL, of Waltham House, Waltham Cross, one of the foremost horticulturists of the day, who died on March 31, has been proved by the Rev. Frederick Campbell Paul, the son, Miss Florence Amelia Jane Paul, the daughter, William Gordon, and William Dawson Warren, the value of the estate being £38,440. The testator bequeaths £500 to his daughter, Florence Amelia; £200 to his son, Frederick Campbell; £50 each to two men in his employ; and the residue of his property among all his children equally.

The will (dated June 22, 1904) of MR. WILLIAM PALGRAVE KER, of Clevedon, Somerset, who died on May 25, was proved in the Principal Registry by his widow, Mrs. Kate Palgrave Ker, the sole executrix, to whom the whole estate (sworn at £26,964 10s. 9d.) is bequeathed absolutely.

NORTH OF TWEED.

The old white house, once a King's hunting-lodge, stands bathed in sunshine, in a valley green-girdled by the hills. Over the level lawn the great ash-trees spread their dark-green leaves, and from time to time the blackbirds fly from the orchard behind the house to find shelter where the leaves are thickest. They are taking their toll of the late summer fruits, and the gardener's boy has a gun, an old muzzle-loader, trusted only with powder. It scares the yellow-billed thieves, but not for long; they chatter together for a few moments, and then fly back again to the raspberries. Across the lawn one sees the long avenue of lime-trees; they are in flower now, and all the bees belonging to the country-side seem to be gathering there, humming as they do among the opening chestnuts of the earlier year. At the far end of the avenue there is a little lake full of carp, that grow old and wise in their seclusion, the water-lily spreads its white and yellow and green over the surface of the water, and the dragon-flies flit across it, arrows of living light. Midmost the lawn stands the sundial, "Garden God of the English Garden," as Charles Lamb calls it in one of his essays, with the legend, "Horas non numero nisi serenas," and round about the pedestal a peacock stalks, in the full glory of his plumage, swollen with pride. He knows that the sun makes his magnificent tail more fairylike than ever, so he walks where the light is strongest with every feather spread. Even he is not permitted to indulge in vanity without regret; he knows his own beauty, but cannot see it, and his voice, exercised when the rain is threatening, could not well be harsher. What would he give, I wonder, for the sweetness of the plain blackbird, whose matins and even-song atone, to me at least, for his offences in vegetable garden and orchard?

Just now the flower-beds are revelling in their great blaze of colour. Late roses, poppies, sunflowers, begonias, and rarer flowers of many hues are flaming

in the welcome light, and so cunningly disposed that there is a resultant harmony restful to the eye—

When wake the violets, winter dies;
When sprout the elm buds, spring is near;
When lilacs blossom, summer cries;
"Bud, little roses! Spring is here!"

They have a great regard for the seasons in this place. The gardener, an old, grey, silent man who lives among his flowers all the day, may do what seems good in his eyes; but he must give his mistress a feast of colour at every season of the year; there must be no day without blooms for study and morning-room. In nearly half a century he has not failed in this delightful duty. Beyond the place of flowers is the place of evergreens, a garden of rhododendron, and holly and rowan-trees, of syringa, mimosa, and other flowering shrubs whose splendour lightens the garden but a little time; and here, too, is a lawn soft as velvet, and a pond in the middle with a triton rising from the water-weeds as though to bathe in a fountain of water blown through his own shell. Splash of water and song of birds, one hears no other sounds here, though fancy may recall the time when a pleasure-loving King idled down the paths attended by fair women and brave men; and there were songs to which the birds were listeners. There is a pagoda near by, where the garden of evergreens stretches to the lawns, the gradual ascent is terraced, passion flowers and clematis have covered it to the roof, though the gardener's care has sufficed to leave the windows free. From these windows in old time the view embraced a great wood full of game and cruelly preserved; now one sees instead a few old plantations, haunt of nothing more exciting than pheasants, and for the rest the teeming fields of the home-farm. Pigeons whirl in graceful flight circling above the invisible farm buildings; one hears "the cock's shrill clarion," and many of the other sounds of daily life and labour. Yet in days remote there were red deer and great wild boar roaming at large over these peaceful hills, and sport was no affair of shooting-seat and repeating-gun.

But beyond all other divisions of the garden commend me to the lawn, where the sundial alone takes

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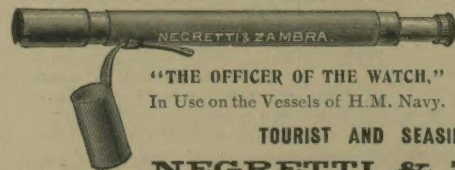
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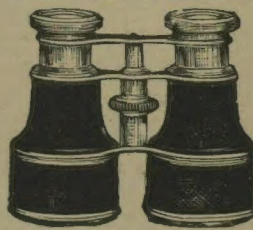
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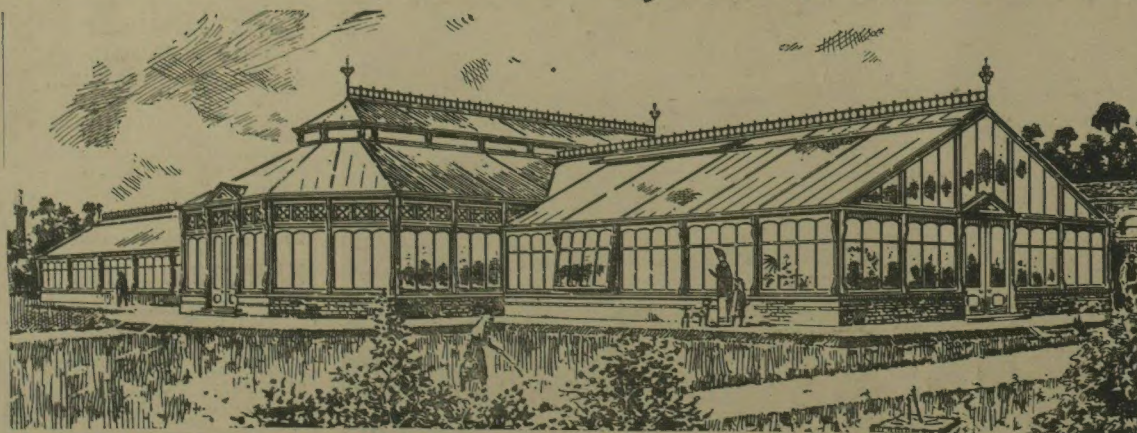


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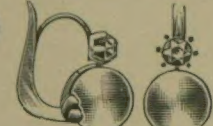
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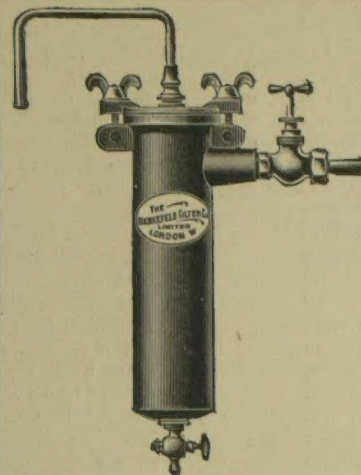
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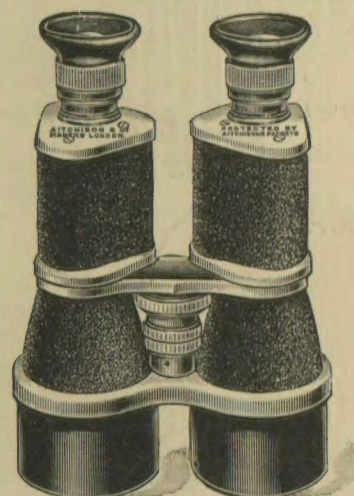
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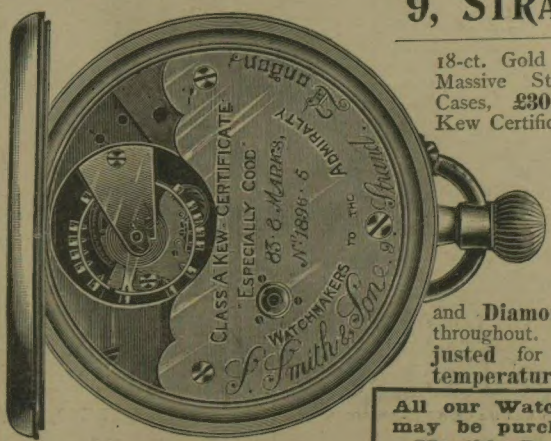
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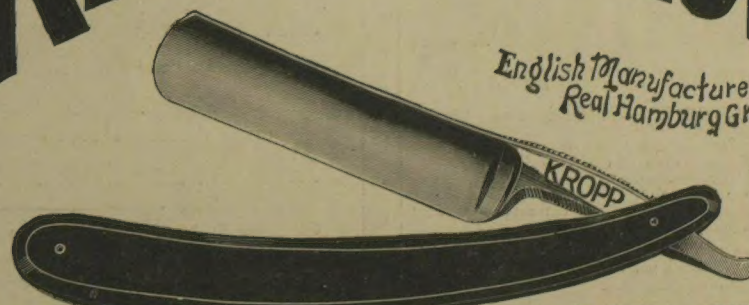
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heed of the life that passes swiftly though silently towards eternity. If it would make special count of happy hours, let it treasure these, passed while summer glows all over the land and the corn grows ripe for the harvesting, while daybreak comes early and sunset late, and the great gift of silence is so freely granted to the dwellers here, silence from all the sounds that are repugnant, the sounds of great cities and toiling myriads, of traffic, machinery, and unrest.

At all times of these gracious days the place is beautiful: in the early morning, when the blackbirds often secure their fruit breakfast before the youthful guardian of the bushes is well awake, and thrushes hop over the lawn in pursuit of the reluctant worm; at the close of the day, when the birds return thanks for benefits received in melody so delightful that one may almost forget the absence of the nightingale now on his homeward way to warmer lands; at high noon, when even the peacock sometimes seeks the shade. Of all the garden-lovers who have rested here, who shall name the most delightful hour? For me, I would choose the present, when the earliest shadows are falling and the afternoon "turns towards the sunset and is loth to die." There is heat, there is sunshine, there is a silence through which I seem to hear the stealthy footstep, the breath of the great god Pan himself. Will he be visible at this enchanting hour to any of the worshippers who have sought him at the shrine he loves best?

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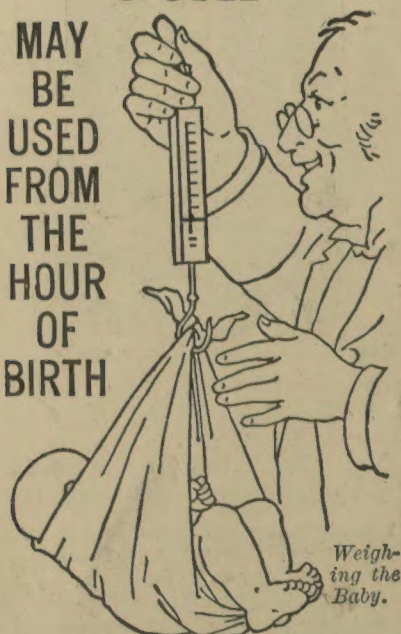
"THE DUFFER," AT THE COMEDY.

The latest play of that clever author-actor-manager, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, may be regarded from two

aspects. On its serious, or sentimental, side "The Duffer," a play of studio-life, must be voted very artificial and rather tedious. Here you have three art-students all in love with the same girl. One of them is the "duffer," who is not such a fool as he appears. The second is a genius, and therefore does wild whirling rhetoric about his work, and goes crazy over the rejection of his love. The third man the girl really loves, but he fears to propose, because he imagines she favours the genius. Quite like a mechanical puzzle, is it not? The *coup de théâtre* of the piece, to which, as an artist himself, Mr. Grossmith gives the correct colour and jargon of the art-schools, is a scene in which the genius, after being a second time rejected, goes mad and paints his picture red on "sending-in day," but is befriended by the "duffer," who in a few lightning strokes restores the picture, and so enables the genius to win fame as compensation for his disappointment in love. All this excess of sentimentality, even when dressed up with studio surroundings, is not too exhilarating or interesting, and not even Mr. Ainley can make the genius seem other than melodramatic. Happily, there is another side to the play, the side which shows the author-comedian in a telling character rôle, that of an artist who earns his name of "duffer" by saying and doing deliberately absurd things, and has also a quaint delusion that he is desperately attractive to the sex. Pointed with Mr. Grossmith's crisp, dry humour, such an eccentric proves extremely diverting.

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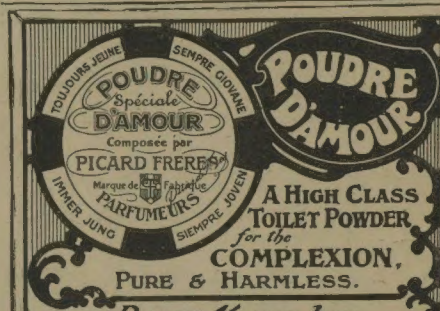
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